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A Scooter Motel!

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Easyriders

NUMBER 161 ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS NOVEMBER 1986

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Audited Paid

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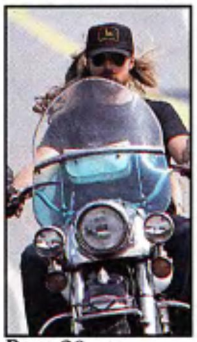

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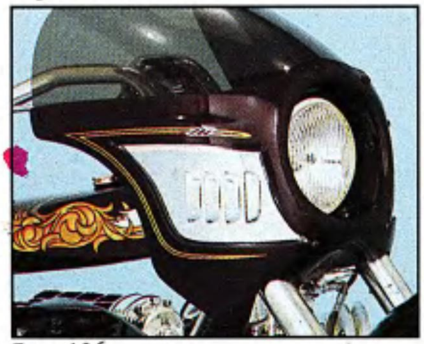

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COVER AND GATEFOLD

Michael Lichter teamed with project art director Roger Ashton and makeup artist Beth Ryan to photograph Julie for the cover and gatefold. See more of Arlen Ness' shovelhead on page 106 and our pin-up on the back cover gatefold.

This is just fair warning that women can be meaner than cat dirt at times. This 62-year-old dude died when his eyes were gouged out and one of them was stuffed down his throat, strangling him. The chick was a 25-year-old, and she gouged his eyes out simply because the guy had made sexual comments to her.

In the last issue I told you about a lardass who sat on a man and suffocated him. Well, it's happened again. A 373-lb. man picked up a prostitute in his pickup truck. They got into an argument over her fee so to shut her up he stuffed her underneath his ass while he continued to drive. When he stopped to get a little, he found that she had suffocated. He dumped her off the side of the road, and when he brought a friend back to show him the dead body, his friend blew the whistle on him.

They were drinking together, got loaded, got real mushy, and decided they were brothers which they actually weren't. The one guy cut his arm with the intention of cutting the other guys's arm and going through the old ritual of mixing their blood. But the first guy had drunkenly cut his arm too deeply and was bleeding profusely so the other guy, wanting to get into his home to get a bandage, tried to open his front door but couldn't. While trying to force the door open, he accidentally shot himself. Next time they're going to drink at home.

I hate to be a bearer of bad news, but it has been reported that Michigan prisons will soon be grinding all the prison food together with pancake batter to make a loaf out of it. For instance, dinner might consist of a mixture of ground up fish, potatoes, salad, and dessert. They claim it's not punishment but who's to say.

I knew it would be only a matter of time until someone attemped to do this. I don't know if the guy was a faggot or not, but there is a bandit running around displaying a hypodermic needle to store owners and threatening to inject them with the AIDS virus.

He was playing softball in a minimum security prison and was allowed to go for a foul ball that was hit into the woods so he kept on going. He was picked up later when he got into an argument with a police officer who was merely

instructing him not to hitchhike on the highway. So he's on the inside now looking out with many years added to his time for an attempted escape.

If they had kept their mouths shut, they could have walked away from the bar. But they complained to the police that the bar's bouncers had robbed them and thrown them out of the bar. The bouncers told the police they were kicked out of the bar for attempting to sell cocaine in the rest room. The two claimed that they weren't selling drugs and that they were willing to prove it. They offered to let the police search their pockets, which they did and they found four packets of hashish. They tried to pass it off as incense but the police didn't buy it.

Now here's a twist. The old couple drove out in front of a motorcycle. They were both killed, but the motorcyclist was thrown over the car and lived.

Now get this. He taught his dog to tell the difference between a red light and a green light. The dog would bark twice for green and once for red. So with the aid of his barking dog, the blind man drove his car down the street and was spotted weaving. When the police pulled him over, they couldn't believe what they saw. They wanted to give him a breathalyzer test but he said he wasn't driving, the dog was. So he and the dog were arrested.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Easyriders

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WORDMONGER

Two Questions

☐ Are you aware that Madonna, hosting a segment of "Saturday Night Live," did a spoof film of her wedding to Sean Penn, sarcastically showing the invasion of their privacy by magazine helicopters, such as (which she stated) *The Star, Us, People,* and *Easyriders*?

If this isn't true about *Easyriders*, are you going to bring suit against her and use the settlement money to fund some positive support for bikers?

Kitty from the city
N. Bergen, N.J.

■ Who the fuck is Madonna?

Letter From A Dip

☐ This is just a quick note to let all you big, bad, rough Harley riders know what real people think of you. You are the biggest bunch of phony, full-of-shit assholes to disgrace the human race.

Wild Bill
Bronx, N.Y.

■ Yeah, but we have class.

Decals

☐ J.P. from Ontario (August '86) will find his Vincent decals at AROSFA, Cwmpennar, Mountain Ash, Mid Glamorgan CF 45 4DL, Wales, Great Britain. This vintage motorcycle club has decals, etc. for hundreds of bikes, British and others.

Graham Field
Denver, Colo.

Triumph Parts

☐ This is in reference to the "Harleys Only" letter in the August issue. Crusader Cycle in Carlsbad, New Mexico, has Triumph parts. The owner's name is Ted Karras, and he seems to specialize in hard-to-find parts for Triumphs, BSAs, etc.

Good luck, man.

Charlie
Arlington, Tex.

Saved Life

☐ This letter is for a bro from Tyler, Texas, known as "Sweet Meat." About four years ago when I was 15 and thought I knew everything, I took off and hit the road to face the world alone. I grew up in a small town and had the wrong idea about bikers. I thought all they ever did was rape women and kill people. After about two weeks out on the road, this dude picked me up in his Peterbilt. He was headed home after a long haul. I hadn't eaten in a while, so he stopped and got me some chow and told me all about his H-D that he was so proud of. He also told me that I ought to go home 'cause my mama was probably worried to death.

When we reached Tyler, he turned me over to his buddy who took me for a long ride on his H-D and then got me a hotel room for some sleep and a shower. They never asked me for anything in return, just that I go home.

Well, I did. And now I'm grown up and married to a biker. I never had the chance to say thanks to those two bros for taking care of me and opening my eyes to what bikers are really like. I don't expect that they'll remember me, but I'll never forget them.

Thanks for saving a young girl's life.

Very Grateful
Shenandoah, Iowa

Tom's Accessories

☐ To all you people out there looking for Tom's Accessories: Tom's was purchased a few years ago by Speedway Enterprises. We've changed our format slightly in that we carry a few Triumph parts, but now deal almost exclusively in Harley-Davidson aftermarket products.

The price of a catalog is $3. Please refer all inquiries to Speedway Enterprises, 4223-B Meridian, Bellingham, WA 98226.

Denise L. Hanson
Speedway Ent., Inc.
Bellingham, Wash.

Doesn't Want To

☐ My bike got ripped off during the winter, so I won't be riding this summer but I hope to be up again next summer. The situation is this. Money is pretty tight, but I've seen a couple of bargains. The problem is that I ride 200 miles a day, 1000 a week for work alone. The bikes I've seen are knuckles and 45s. Would I be expecting too much of these bikes to hold together for the shit-kicking that I would be putting them through?

Parts aren't that plentiful, so I don't want to fuck up a bike making it do something that shouldn't be expected of it.

Crash
Penetang, Ontario

■ Look for a pan or a shovel. There're more parts available for them.

Found

☐ Found a roll of 35mm film at the H-D Redwood Run in June. Most of the pictures were taken on "Avenue of the Giants." Identify bike and contents and they're yours.

Siderider
Vacaville, Calif.
707-446-2639

Prison Aid

☐ I have addresses for organizations that offer aid to prisoners in all the 50 states; however, some are dated. Perhaps your readers would send me names and addresses, plus a brief description of what they do and who they do it for, so I can update my list.

Also, pretrial detainees and prison inmates may write me for addresses in their area by briefly describing their needs.

Robert W. Cassity
977 Camp Rd.
Salisbury, NC 28145-6004

Bash

☐ A big thanks to the X-Winos. We went to your Eighth Annual Turkey Roast in Hinkley, Minnesota, and it was the best fucking time we've ever had. For five bucks we camped and pigged out, danced our butts off, and then were fed a big breakfast the next day.

We want to thank you for showing us that a few hundred bikers can get together

from many different clubs and states, on many kinds of bikes, and have a great time without any alcohol or drugs.

You X-Winos worked your asses off and we thank you.

A.R.M.
Brainerd, Minn.

Cage Driver's Remorse

☐ One Saturday night I was involved in a fatal accident. The man whose motorcycle I struck was sitting on his FLH on the shoulder of a highway with the bike's lights turned off (no mechanical problems).

I came over a hill on a curve — keeping tight, too long, crossing a faded guideline. I didn't see the man until it was too late. The impact broke his neck.

Please, all who ride, know this: The road is a place to enjoy riding, but if you have any reason to stop, please get yourself off the highway completely (to a wayside or parking lot) and use your lights whenever it's dark.

Inmate WCDC #02453
Frederick, Md.

P.S. I pled guilty to homicide with an auto while intoxicated and DWI.

A Request

☐ All right, you fuckheads! A few months ago I took the time to drop a note to "Wordmonger," and you low-class snatch-sniffers didn't even take the time to check it out, I'll bet!

It was only a simple request for a response from any of your readers (I've been a subscriber for the last 10 years) who may know how I can acquire a copy of the poster "Last Act of Defiance," which pictures a mouse with a loaded .44 behind his back who's flippin' off the soarin' eagle above him. I hope you low-life scooter bums will print this one.

Ed "Butch" Kowalk
Box 10, Dept. 124656
Stillwater, MN 55082

Information

☐ Harley-Davidson's parts 'n' accessories division stopped distributing lightweight motorcycle parts as of January 1, 1984. The entire stock of lightweight motorcycle parts was sold to Cagiva North America, Inc., the North American subsidiary of the company that purchased Harley's lightweight motorcycle manufacturing plant in Verese, Italy, in 1979.

Mainly because lightweight replacement parts have dropped substantially in the past several years, Cagiva has opened a division of their company in California. Negotiations between Cagiva and Harley resulted in a program whereby Cagiva will continue to supply lightweight parts for Harley-Davidson lightweights to you.

On December 1, 1984, parts were moved to Cagiva North America; on January 1, 1985, Cagiva began filling orders for Harley-Davidson dealers.

Mr. Alberta Carnell, vice president of Cagiva North America, will send a letter to you introducing his company, including order forms and instructions on how to place orders. Contact him by writing Mr. Alberta Carnelli, Vice President, Cagiva North America, Inc., 20030 S. Normandie Ave., Torrance, CA 90502, or calling 213-538-9337.

Faith
Nampa, Ida.

Question

☐ Does anyone know the model year of Duane Allman's Harley, how he had it set up, and what became of it? I believe I have every album he ever had a hand in, and many have pictures of him but not the bike.

Mick
Navesink, N.J.

Cockroach Shot

☐ Just sittin' back checking the shit out in the latest issue of your rag when I glanced up on my wall to see a stinkin' cockroach crawlin' across my Dave Mann tapestry. I was pissed, so I shot the little fucker. He dropped dead — without any damage to my great tapestry.

Pigpen
Royal Oak, Mich.

Stands Behind Products

☐ Five or six months ago I ordered a part for my scoot from Andrews Products. I didn't install the part for two months or so, and after a couple of more months it became evident that the part wasn't going to work at all because it was defective. In the meantime, the part became unavailable from Andrews. When I sent it back five months after buying it, they sent me a check for the full amount. What I'm trying to say is Andrews Products stands behind what they sell. I would definitely buy from them again.

D. Bucco
Garrettsville, Ohio

Wants Info

☐ To all the scooter folk out Washington/Idaho way: We're looking for info to help plan a spring '87 move. Anything anyone would like to pass along as far as law enforcement, legislative attitudes, land availability, where to go (and where to stay the fuck away from), personal opinions, thoughts, etc. would be greatly appreciated.

Crazy Horse & Gypsy
Milwaukee, Wis.

A Chick Tattoo Artist

☐ I've seen a lotta tattoos in your rag and you've even done a thing on "Wild Bill." Now I'll admit he's really pretty good, but I've found the best! And she (yep, she) is right here in Southern California. I tell you guys, she's one hell of an artist. You really oughta do an article on her (before someone else does), or at least pay her shop a visit and see for yourselves: Blue Dragon Tattoos, corner of 31st and Main, San Diego. 714-544-0075. The shop's open from noon until 9 p.m.

E.B./Merlin
El Cajon, Calif.

Jim Morrison's Grave

☐ I want to visit Jim Morrison's grave while I'm stationed in Germany. If you know the location, will you please send it to me?

PFC Robert Lee Parrick
HHC 2/37 AR Box 147
APO NY 09046

Wants Shirt

☐ An acquaintance of mine went skiing in Tahoe and saw a bro with an "Official Harley-Davidson Ski Team" T-shirt. If anyone has any info on it, please send it to me.

Connearney/E. Div.
USS Callaghan DDG994
FPO San Francisco
96662-1266

New York Bars

☐ I doubt if this will actually reach the pages of *Easyriders*, but I hope it does for the sake of Arlene Welsh (May '86) and all other serious scooter babes in Queens, N.Y.

One place to find some real down-to-earth biker folk is Paddy Whacks on Jamaica Ave. in Woodhaven. Another is The Balcony on 69th St. in Maspeth, but be careful, it's been known for some bad nights when packed with racing-machine assholes in silk shirts. A good place to go early in the evening is Maspeth Town Hall, just off Grand in Maspeth. Just follow the first Harley you see near 70th and Grand. This last place isn't a bar, but a good location to find out what the local scooter people are doing. The bros and sisters in these places will more than likely show you some good times, and the bros are always willing to assist a fine-looking honey. Good luck, Arlene, and all the ladies like you.

If you print this, I'll eat my oil tank.

Blake
Queens, N.Y.

■ Well, Blake, you want salt or pepper with your tank?

HA Wings

☐ I heard a story and was wondering if it was true or bullshit. Have the Hells Angels colors ever changed from a skull and two wings to a skull and one wing?

Junius
Kansas City, Mo.

■ Some chapters had two wings at one time, but now all chapters have the one-wing design.

Cat Cartoon

☐ Seems Mad Lady in New York didn't like the cartoon of the cat. Well, I'm a lover of cats from way back and I wasn't offended in the least. Instead, I laughed my ass off. Showed it to the ol' man who got a jolt, too. As a matter of fact, we've repeated it to each other several times since then and always get chuckles. Maybe we're the sick ones, but I think not.

Little Bit
Richmond, Va.

Response to "Disgusted"

☐ In response to "Disgusted in San Diego" (August '86): If you want to party or ride with other Harley owners, find the local ABATE meeting place. In San Diego, call Dresser Bill at 619-273-4533. In L.A. County, call Wheelchair Mike at 818-764-9360. ABATE of San Diego meets the last

Thursday of each month at Dumont's Bar in El Cajon. Ask anywhere for directions. See you there, "Disgusted"? You should have been at the state run the Fourth of July weekend!

James H. Gregory
San Diego, Calif.

Down On San Diego

☐ We're wholeheartedly in agreement with "Disgusted In San Diego." My ol' man and I came out here three months ago and have yet to see one biker bar. This upsets us. San Diego, for all it's worth, is filled with queers, yuppies, and nothing but Jap bikes, and the worst yet is that we got 100 percent better herb back East (N.J.)

Well, our 750 Triumph will be with us soon and we'll be hitting the byway up north. We're looking for some good people and partying times, which just aren't to be had down here in San Diego. Humboldt County, here we come.

Renee & Mark
San Diego, Calif.

■ San Diego's police are well-known rednecks, too.

Likes Her

☐ Now you've done it, Ollie! Kelly ("Always Wired," August '86) has got to be the healthiest, most sensuous lovely to ever grace the pages of your mag. What a woman! I'm out of control! Raisin pie for Spider — and how about showing her to us again?

That Triumph she's with looks familiar, a vision out of the past. That wouldn't be the Trumpet that was in the '67-'68 Oakland Roadster and Bike Show, would it?

Animal
Bradenton, Fla.

Bike Fest

☐ I just got back from the West Coast Bike Fest and thought I'd let you know that I had a great time. It was a good job and I'm looking forward to the Second Bike Fest. Next time, however, I think I'll bring a bigger swimming pool.

Thanks again for a great weekend!

Sylvia
Westminster, Calif.

Liked Interview

☐ A giant piece of raisin pie for all of ya. That interview with Bob LeFevre was the best one yet. He said it all and he was right, too. Keep it up. Fanfuckingtastic!

J.D.N.
Green Bay, Wis.

Response To Debbie

☐ Tell Debbie from Newport Beach that the best suggestion anyone can give her is to get the fuck out of Newport Beach. I've been busted there four times for chickenshit traffic violations and there are no good biker bars there. Have her come to Costa Mesa (Goat Hill) and try the bars on 19th Street. Most of them have lots of bikers. Johanna's is the best.

Terry L. Perrault
Costa Mesa, Calif.

☐ Check out Johanna's in Costa Mesa on the corner of Placentia and 19th. A lot of good people hang out there and I don't know anyone who'd give you a hard time about riding your own scoot. I've been going there for several years and they always have live music and someone to trade info about bikes with. My blue 45 trike is out in front almost every Saturday. See ya there!

Julie
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Stamps

☐ Your May '86 article on stamps was very interesting, Bob Loeffelbein, but you fucked up.

The U.S. printed five different Special Delivery stamps from 1922 through 1944 with a Harley on them. They were all the same design but the colors and values changed.

Here are two different stamps to show that the U.S. did, indeed, print Harleys on a few stamps.

Kevin Bloomburg
Phoenix, Ariz.

British Brain-Blower

☐ Hey, right on! You finally decided to feature a Limey on the cover. (If I'm not mistaken, didn't your first or second issue have a Triumph on the cover, too?) The position of the carbs and exhausts really blew my mind.

D.B. "Red" Foster
Regina, Saskatchewan

☐ The Bonneville on the cover really blew my mind. It's about time you fuckers showed some good old British iron in your rag. These bikes are underrated, but give them some credit — they've been around since 1914. They set a world landspeed record on the Bonneville Salt Flats in 1955 at 192.30mph and they're still being made in the form of a water-cooled 900cc, although it's not imported to the U.S. Probably a good thing as far as H-D is concerned.

So, thanks for makin' my day and as far as *I'm* concerned, Triumph rules.

Bever Dick
Walltown, Pa.

■ Women do and you know it, Dick.

The Contract

☐ What's this shit with "The Contract" in July's issue? No offense, but stick it in your damned ear because we women have rules, too, you know.

Mainer II
Cambridge, Me.

☐ Okay, guys, you blew it again. I am, of course, referring to "The Contract." How could you have made so many typographical errors in the same article? You kept putting the letters F and E in front of the word "Male" when you shouldn't have and omitting those same letters where you should've thrown them in, leaving a lot of readers with the wrong idea. Try to be more careful from now, okay?

Casper
Pico Rivera, Calif.

Insurance Tip

☐ Prudential Insurance (you know, the "piece of The Rock" people) have their shit together. For full coverage on an '85 Super Glide, with a $200 deductible, I'm paying $306 yearly. (This is through an agent in New Paltz, New York; rates in other states may vary.)

Prudential's great on claims, too. They don't fuck ya around. I've had my cage insurance with them for five years — and three wrecks!

In New York, check with E.J. Hess at 914-255-1250. In Pennsylvania, check the New York phone book for Philip P. Simone, Jr.

Rowdi
West Germany

Hardbelly

☐ My ol' man is constantly calling me a "hardbelly" and refuses to tell me what the expression means. If you would be so kind as to inform me, it would be greatly appreciated.

Diane
Jamaica, N.Y.

■ A hardbelly is a girl with a firm belly instead the soft belly many older women have. Being called a hardbelly is a compliment.

Old Port

☐ Thanks to some righteous people in the Portland, Maine, area for making a couple of out-of-state bros feel right at home. Mountain Man Bubba and company showed us around Old Orchard Beach and took us to Irene's for some "lousy food and warm beer" and a real shit-stompin' good time.

Special thanks to Tim, who runs the North Atlantic Leather and Silver Co. in the Old Port section of Portland, for some much-needed repairs to my leather. He fixed it at a very reasonable cost while I waited.

Reeves and Slides
Wood-Ridge, N.J.

10th Anniversary Issue

☐ I'd like to know if anyone out there would be willing to part with their copy of *Easyriders'* 10th Anniversary Edition.

J's Ol' Lady
Chicago Hts., Ill.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, **Easyriders,** ***Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.*** ■

WEAR OUR COLORS

Now you can wear the three colors of Stamper GENUINE Black Hills Gold jewelry with the Harley-Davidson emblem! This beautiful, handcrafted jewelry is the perfect gift for your favorite Harley-Davidson enthusiast. Manufactured exclusively in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Available from participating dealers throughout the country.

Genuine® Stamper Black Hills Gold Jewelry

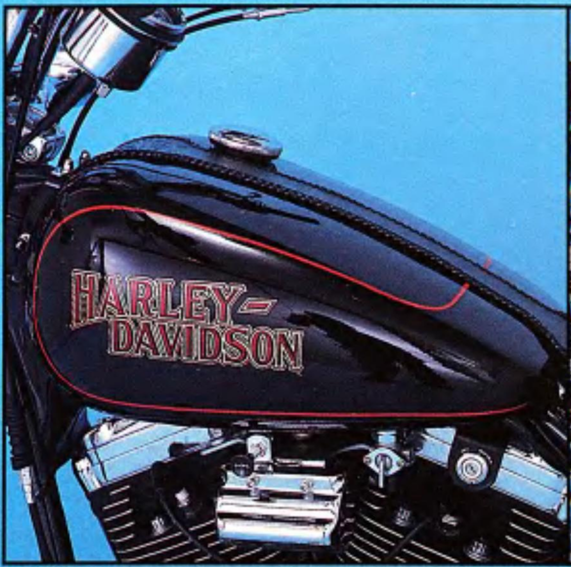
Call 1-800-843-8753 for name of your nearest authorized dealer.

HARLEY'S NEW FXLR

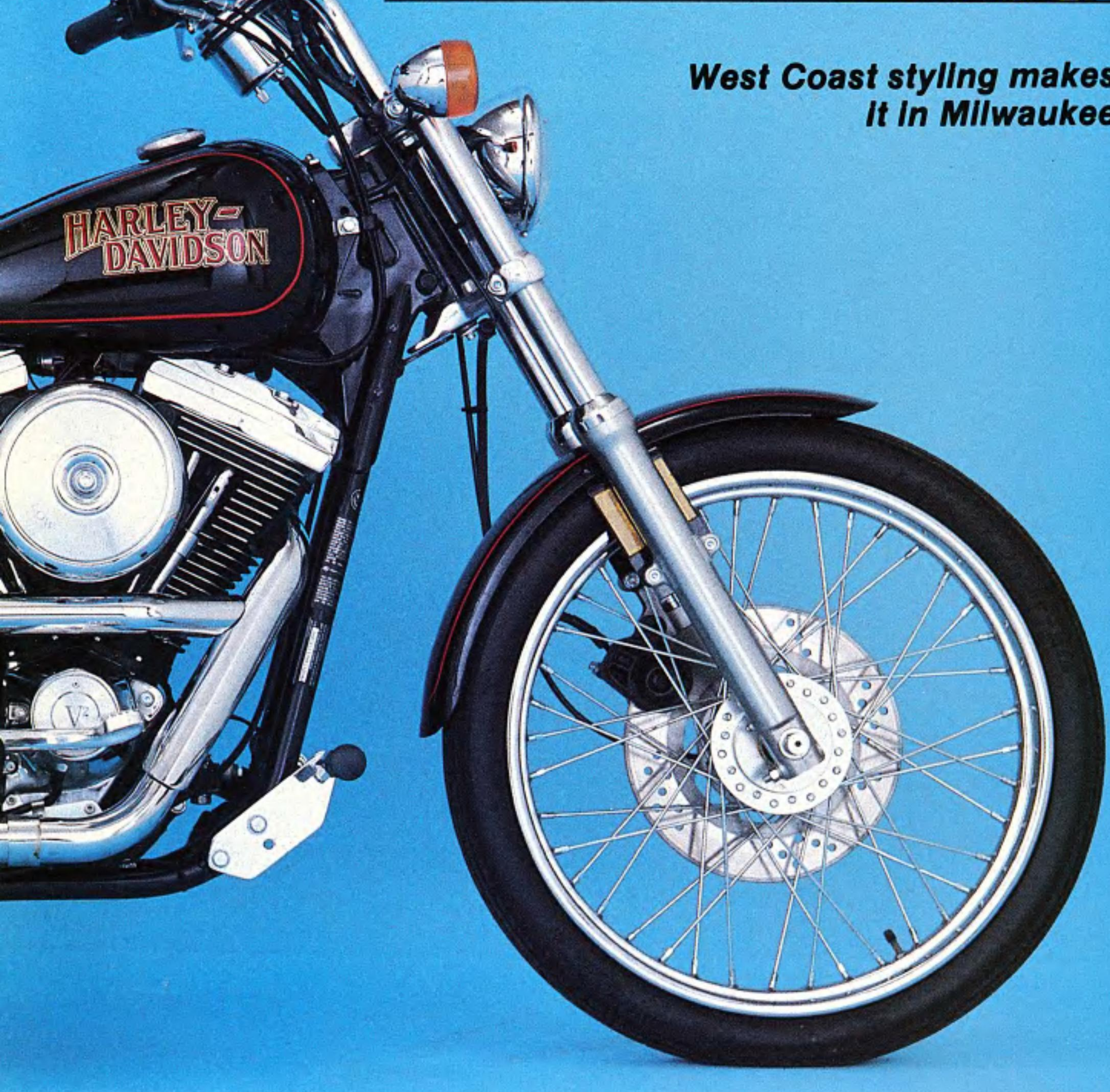
Harley has used the Low Rider name for a while and every now and then they put a new motorcycle under it. The latest version of the Low Rider, the Custom FXLR, is the best yet. It combines some of the styling of the FXST Softail with the hi-tech function of the FXR "Rubber Glide." There is also a measure of Bay Area in the look of the new Low Rider.

Nothing but nothing looks as tough on the front of a Harley as a 21-inch wire wheel, and plenty of Wide Glides and Softails have been sold because of it. Then, too, there is nothing quite like the ride qualities of the FXR Rubber Glide chassis. What Harley-Davidson has done here is play mix 'n' match with some of the best features of the two model lines.

The FXLR has a low, solid look that comes from the combination of bars, wheels, an'

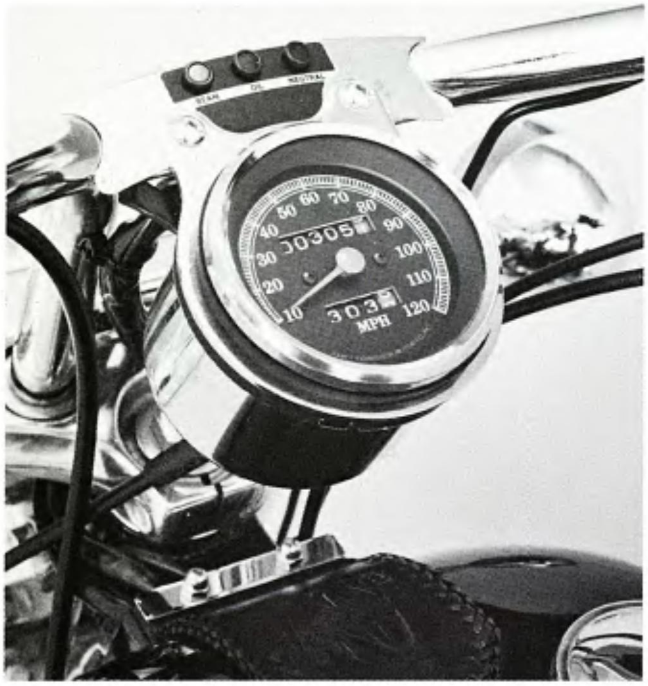


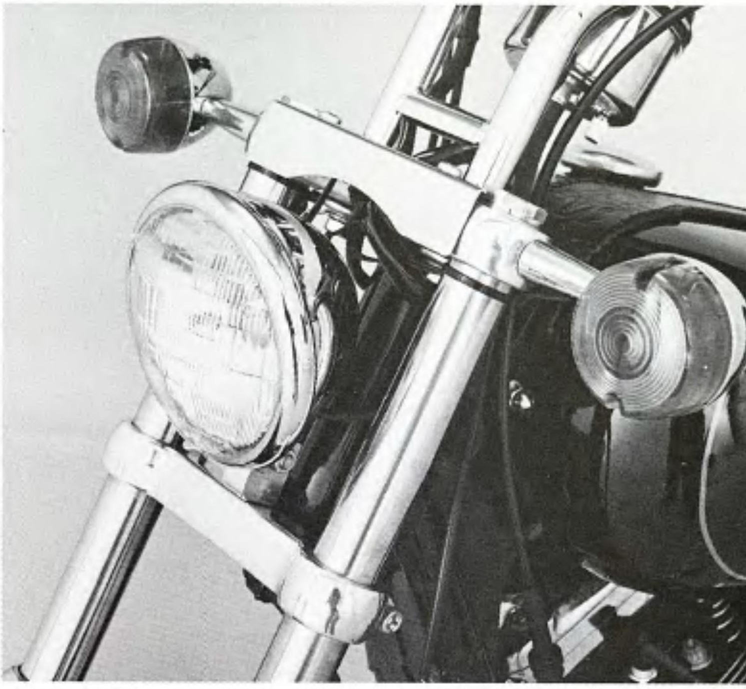
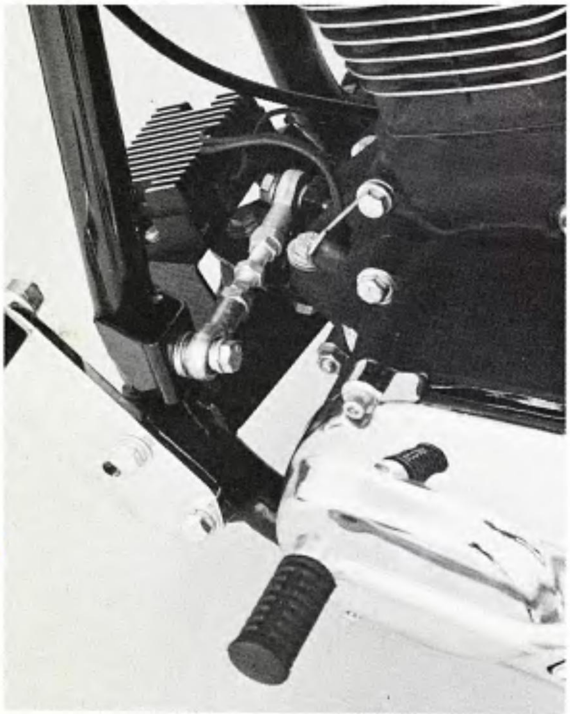
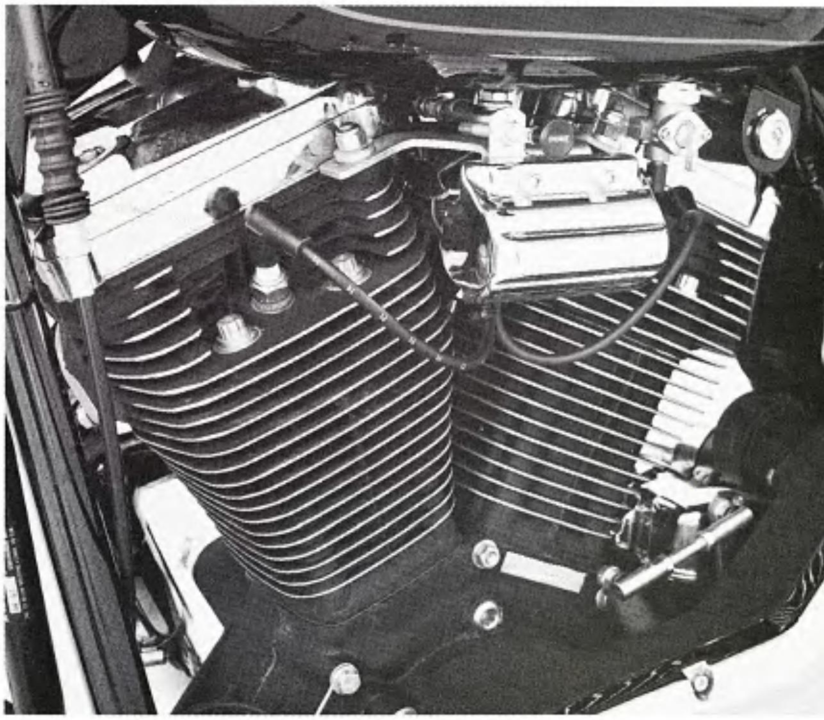
West Coast styling makes it in Milwaukee



HARLEY
DAVIDSON

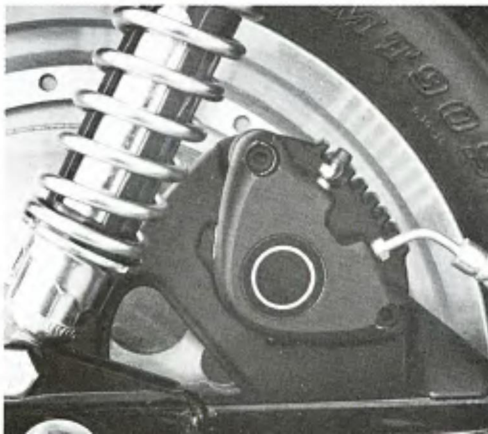
HARLEY
DAVIDSON

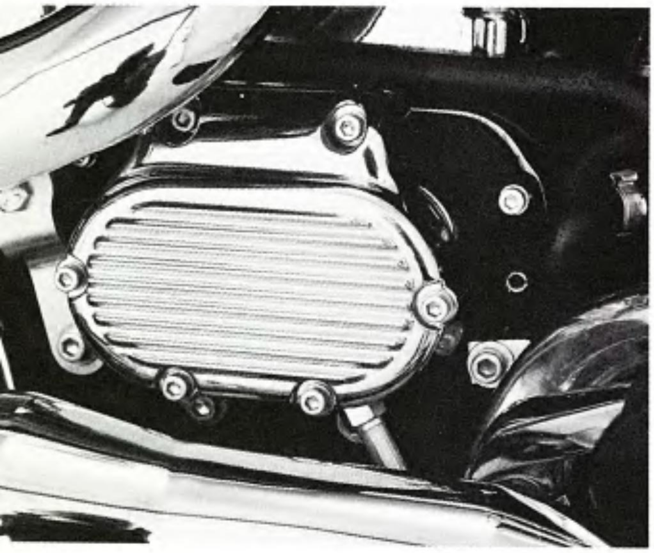


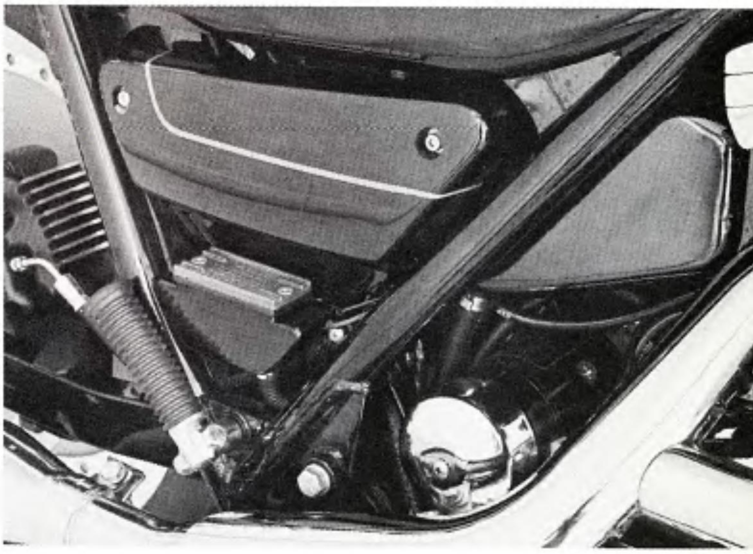




fenders. Harley has a new rear wheel. It is a solid-disc aluminum casting that is made for them in Australia. If anything, it is more massive in appearance than the spun aluminum wheel they have been using on the custom version of the Softail. When combined with the deeply valenced FXR rear fender and the large filled-in area of black between the rear wheel and the engine, the FXLR's chassis has a low and massive appearance.

Harley has achieved balance with their treatment of the front end. The large, open look of the 21-inch wheel







combined with the long polished 39mm fork tubes, the flow of the Arlen Ness-like handlebar and the massive chassis give the Low Rider a leaner, lower and more functional look than the Softail.

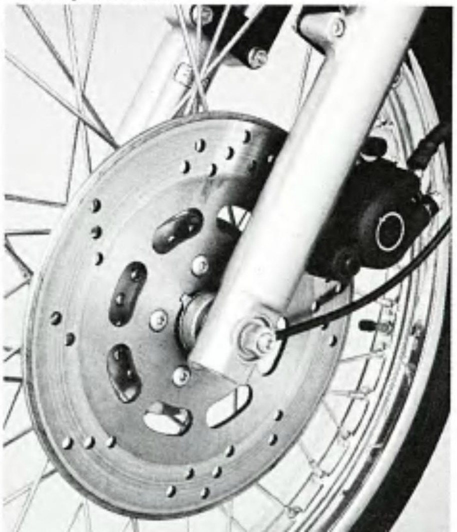
There is a new clutch-actuating mechanism. The lever at the gearbox is gone and a new cable setup leads directly into a new gearbox end-cover. There is still no kick starter and it doesn't look like we're gonna get one, either. Harley says the new clutch setup let them move the cable away from the middle of the engine on the left side and improve the appearance. That may be, but it also let them eliminate the needle throw-out bearing that sometimes gave trouble. They also got rid of the shaft out of the gear cover that always seemed

to find a way to leak oil.

Harley has done something good here. With the FXLR, one can have most of the smoothness and handling of the FXR series and the styling advantages of the Wide Glide and Softail. There must be a lot of Harley riders who're gonna lay their signature on a contract an' a leg over the saddle of this one.

—Joe Minton

Photos by Pete Chiodo



BEAT MEAT

"I hope we've learned our lesson, Mr. Duffy," she scolded, wagging a finger at me and straightening out the same bed sheets she straightened out five minutes earlier.

I woke up all bleary-eyed in the hospital and the first fuckin' thing I knew was that my dong — my precious 15-inch dong, the pride and pleasure of my life, the envy of every bro I ever met — was all wrapped up in a plaster cast and hangin' suspended by a chain from somewhere on the fuckin' ceiling. Some fuckin' waterbrain had even autographed it. Things were all fuzzy in my head, just blurred images, and nothin' in the old memory banks was makin' any contact. Then I got this big, hot pain — and I mean hot — right down in the old family jewels department, and all I could do was give a great big groan, which only made it worse. C'mon, memory banks, start clickin'.

When my vision cleared, I could see the open closet where my jeans and boots had been stashed. My leather vest was there, too, slung carelessly over the new Turf-Rider jacket that I'd just finished gettin' ripped off for. That didn't jog any memories, though. Neither did the copy of Concrete Nomad sticking partway out of one of the zippered pockets. So I just laid there like a dummy and let out kind of a big sigh (when I wasn't groanin' from the pain, that is) and wished I had a damn beer to drink. I was hungry, too. They could've put a dead horse between two crackers and I'd have chewed right through that sucker.

Funny, though. Right then was when a few things suddenly started comin' back to me. Slowly, bit by bit, images and memory started clickin'. Then the whole terrible scenario started flooding my consciousness. I wish it hadn't. Can I help it if I've got a 15-inch dong? It ain't always fun — and you can take that straight-up from a bro who knows. I have to sew extra material inside my left pants' leg and a leather patch on my knee just to keep the head from wearin' a hole through. And if I'm sittin' down somewhere and some chick lets a bit of her panties show, or if I like her ass, I get a hardon that lifts my leg straight out. Once when I was out ridin' my scoot I got one a dog couldn't chew and it lifted my leg clean over the fuckin' hangers. I tell ya, I damn near went flyin' into a scummy, roadside pond. Like I said, brother, it ain't always a party.

I looked down at it again, and don't get me wrong, I'm damn proud of it. I don't know of any sucker who's got one bigger and every chick who's ever laid eyes on it right away couldn't keep her hands — or her mouth — off it. I call it "my old fella," 'cause it's gonna be with me for a long time and I ain't got such a pretty face to go along with it, so it's like my savior, too — that's if it ain't all chopped up now or somethin' like that. Hey, wait a minute! Chopped up? Oh, Christ and double-fuckin' dog droppings.

That was when I looked around for that little button like they always have and then I pushed it like hell to get someone to tell me what was goin' on. Right away this old freckled nurse came in, all smiles and starchy uniform swishin'. "Well, Mr. Duffy, I see we're awake," she chirped. Her eyes took in my dong stickin' straight up in the damn air, white plaster all around it makin' it look the size of a fuckin' tree trunk, and "Fuck you, Duffy" and "Suck 'em up, Duffy — way to go!" written all over it. She reached over and patted the fuckin' thing, then made one of those funny little smiles like they make. "Seems you were a bad boy, Mr. Duffy," she chirped, then she gave it another little pat. "A very bad boy, indeed."

"Where's my fuckin' Hog, ma'am?" I asked.

"Hog?" she repeated, like somebody'd just asked her the difference between a fatbob and a shovelhead. Or a panhead and a sex act.

"A Hog is a motorcycle — never mind, ma'am," I said. Last I remembered, I'd parked it outside Kressman's Food Mart on Adelaide St.

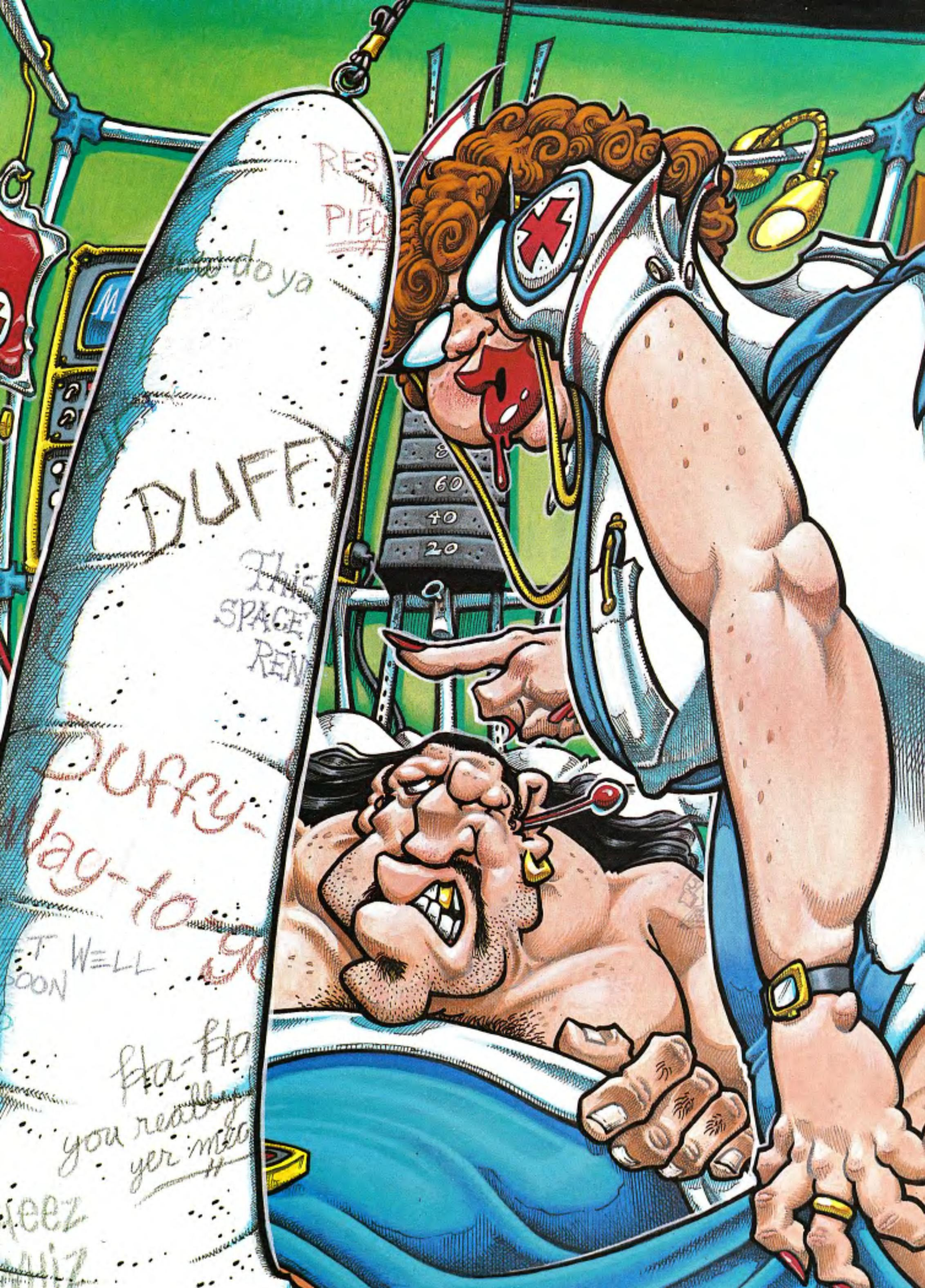
"Oh," she said, her face lighting up, "somebody did say something about that. A hawg, you say, hmmm?" and she twisted her mouth up real hard. "Anyway, I think there's something beside you on the table — a towing slip or something like that. Somebody called Shorty or something was in to see you and he left it there. Have a look."

I breathed a heavy sigh of relief when I saw the Shorty's Hog Service logo on the top. My Hog would be waitin' safe for me when I got out — If I got out. "What's gonna happen with my dong, ma'am?" I asked, real polite-like, tryin' hard to swallow the big lump in my throat.

"Oh, don't you worry, Mr. Duffy don't you worry.

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

by Ratface



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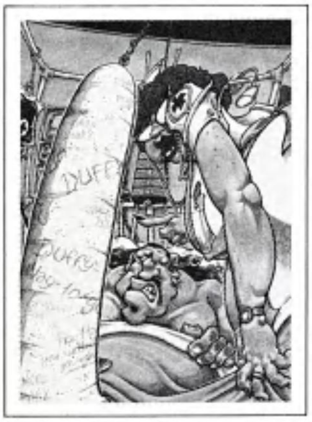


BEAT MEAT

continued

It'll be just fine in a. . . while. The flesh got beat a little raw, that's all." Bending down, she stopped, looked at it again, and I figured for sure she was gonna give it another pat. But instead she just kinda whispered to herself, "Such a magnificent tusk!" and then went on with the bed sheets. Finally she was finished and as she swished out of the room, she said, "We wouldn't let anything happen to that, Mr. Duffy — no, we wouldn't."

I wanted to ask her about getting some chow, but she was gone too fast. However, at the thought of food, the old memory gates opened some more. It was that checkout girl at Kressman's — my true love and the cause of all my present misery, the one I fell right smack in love with the minute I laid my beady little eyes on her. She had the most beautiful tits I ever wanted to squeeze and an ass that was all mother to me. First time I saw her I knew it was real love and all I could do was stand there, dumblike, just lookin' at her tits and her ass. She didn't pay any attention to me, though, so I started goin' in Kressman's pretty regular to buy food — cans of beans, watermelon, horseradish, whateverthefuck. She didn't even crack a grin when I did my Donald Duck imitation. Ditto when I juggled three packages of hamburger — though, to be truthful, one of them dropped outta my hand, and this old beagle hound came runnin' in from outside and started eatin' it right there on the fuckin' floor. She just looked down at that hound with those oily brown eyes of hers and held out her hand to me for the $4.38. Never said a fuckin' word.

Then I got lucky. One night she just happened to be in one of the sleazy, local bars I hang around in, and I overheard her tellin' one of her girlfriends how she don't like shrimp meat. Well, right then was when my lovestruck heart thumped and soared. I finally knew what would win her love. I went in the store the very next day, and searched the aisles to see what I could buy so I could stand in the checkout line. I had so much food at home from all my shopping trips that I didn't even know what there was left to get. But I spotted some corn on the cob that was on special, so I grabbed a handful. I love corn on the cob. I like puttin' big gobs of butter and salt on it, lettin' it all run down, and then just chewin' right through it like a buzz-saw, butter and salt flyin' everywhere. I tell ya, I *love* it.

The line was full of nice, little old ladies all waitin' for their turn. I said good mornin' to them as polite as I could and they all said good mornin' back to me. It was that kind of a day, ya know? I just felt like sayin' good mornin' to everyone.

When my turn came I stepped right up and said to my love, "Mornin', ma'am," and gulped a bit. "That's a very nice blouse you got on today. Makes your titties look just like succulent plums in a moonlit orchard." I laid my corn down on the counter, then I undid my zipper and flopped out my 15-inch dong right there beside it. I knew that would win her love — she wouldn't be able to ignore me now, not that she'd want to.

Well, she saw it layin' there beside all that corn and she sure stopped pressin' all those electric buttons in a hurry. I felt my pride swelling right up. I grinned my biggest grin at her and didn't even falter when I saw two of the old ladies behind me faint in a clump, right on the floor. Then, without even blinking an eye, my true love said, "That's a pretty big rack of meat you got there, mister," and before I knew it, she'd grabbed the corn and begun goin' *Wham! Wham! Wham!* on my precious dong with it.

"But you *said* you didn't like shrimp meat!" I howled, trying to pull my dong away. She had a hold of it with one hand, though, and was still goin' *Wham! Wham! Wham!* on it. Lemme tell ya, she was really into it, just standin' there slammin' away as hard as she could. And ohhh, the fuckin' *pain*! It felt just like someone was usin' it for welding rod.

I still couldn't remember how I got to the hospital. Worse yet, I didn't know when I'd be gettin' out. Then that same nurse came bouncin' and swishin' in again, all grins and pattin' the fuckin' thing, and sayin' how I was a bad boy, over and over again, while all I could think of was the fuckin' pain.

"I hope we've learned our lesson, Mr. Duffy," she scolded, wagging a finger at me and straightening out the same sheets she'd straightened out earlier.

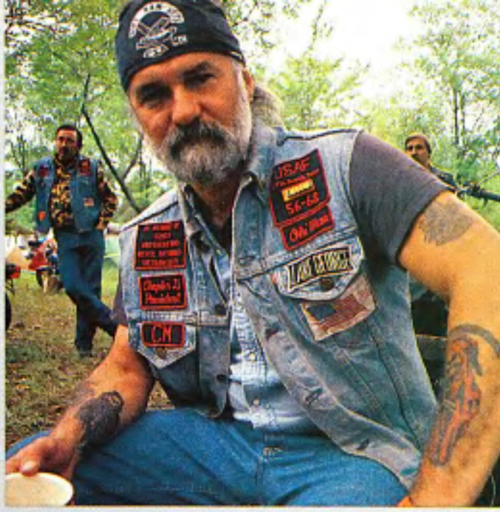
"Yes, ma'am," I said. And I meant it, too, as I looked down at all the white plaster and the sharp creases she was makin' in the sheets. Whatdafuck, I should've bought a loaf of bread instead. ■

AM-JAM IN THE JUNGLE

The rain in Spain may fall mainly on the plain, but the rain in upstate New York fell mostly on the scooters. Fortunately, the precipitation was more a drizzle than a flood.

Started a couple of years ago by disgruntled former employees of the Harley-Rendezvous, the American Motorcycle Jamboree was one event that a lot of bros and sisters thought would never get off the ground.

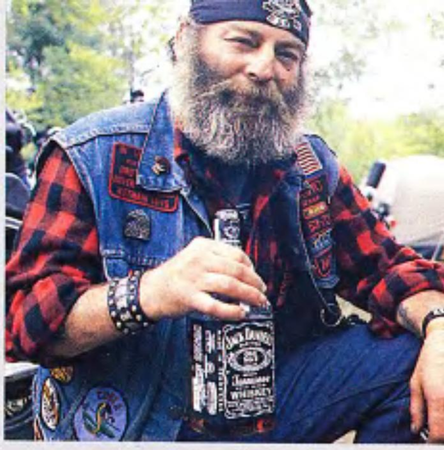
For one thing, they figured that the Rendezvous' annual pissing contest with state and local authorities had probably given all potential operators of big biker get-togethers a black eye with officials throughout the upstate New York area. After all, if you were on a town council or something like that and knew that a neighboring community had been having trouble with an event that kept going on with the people responsible supposedly not getting the proper permits, etc., etc.,

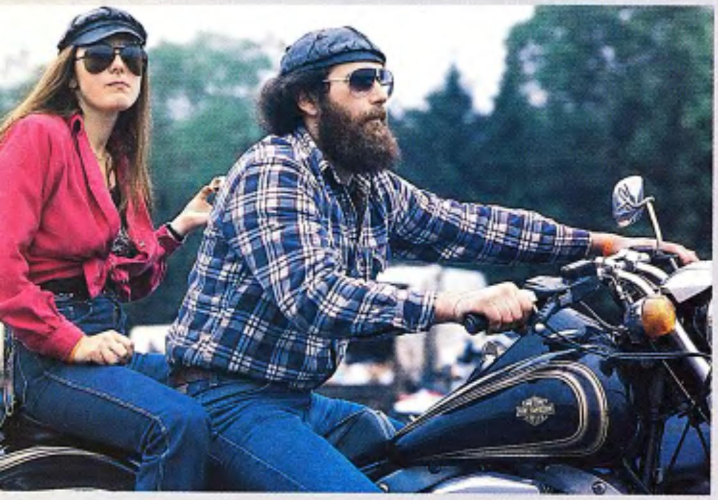


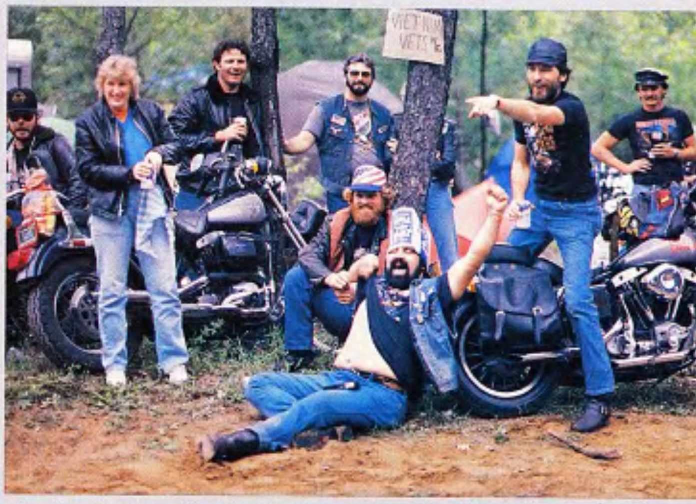
AM-JAM IN THE JUNGLE

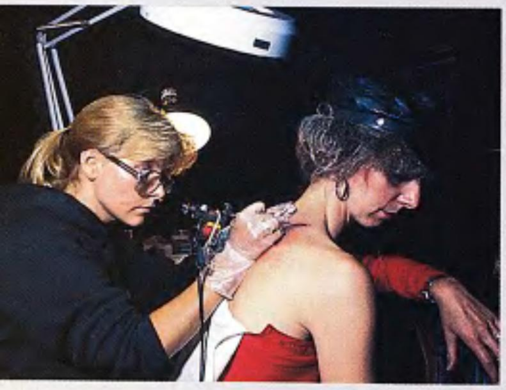
would you be anxious to sanction a similar event in your town?

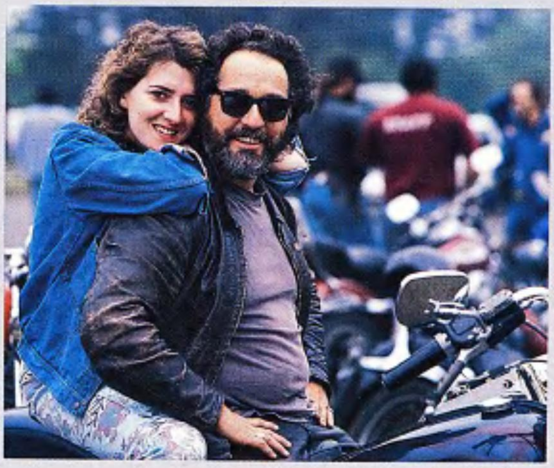
Fortunately, the AM-JAM organizers were able to find an area where the locals weren't prejudiced against bikers or biker festivals and they've been cheerfully proving the skeptics wrong for two years now.





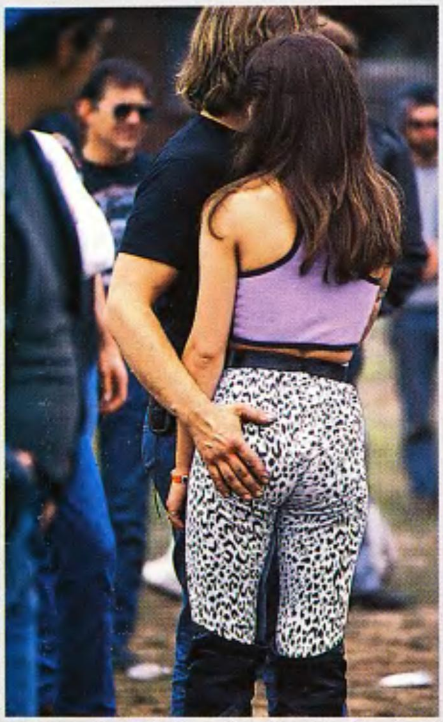


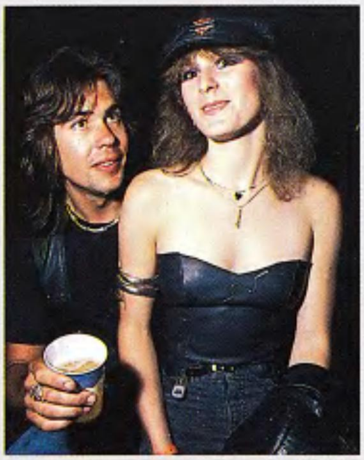


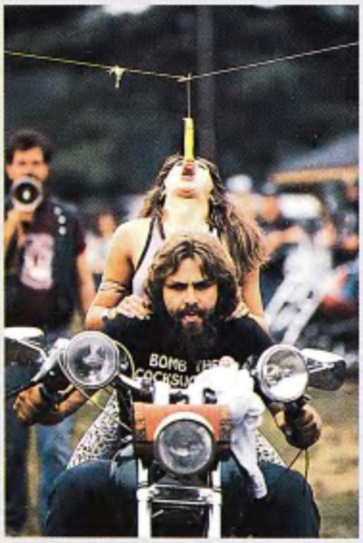


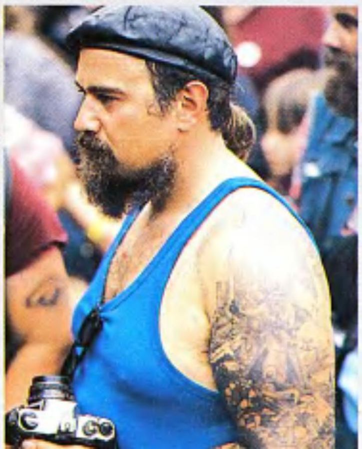
Actually, to simply say that they found a *site* is a massive understatement. They found one hell of a site — a site unparalleled in the history of motorcycling, a site uniquely suited, a lot of people would contend, to holding 3000 or 4000 beer-guzzling, butt-squeezing bikers. . .in other words, a WILD ANIMAL PRESERVE!

Well, it *was* a wild animal preserve. Supposedly they moved all the critters out some years ago. But you wouldn't get anybody to believe it when the AM-JAM is in town. Lions and tigers step back and let some real wild animals show 'em how to party down.



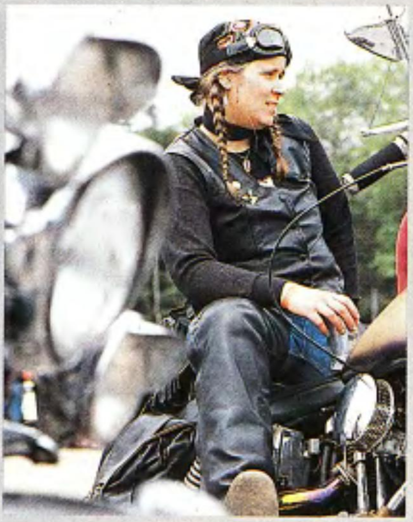


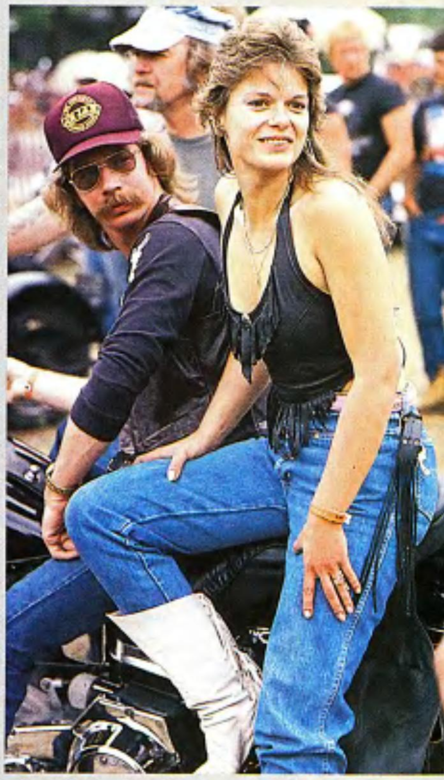


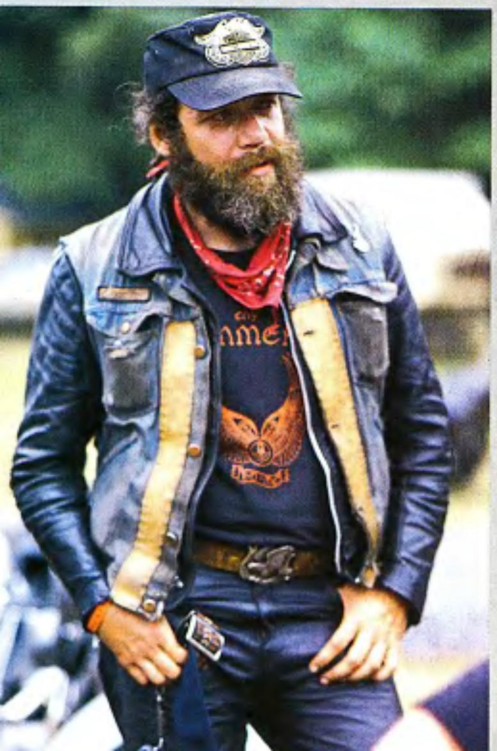


AM-JAM IN THE JUNGLE

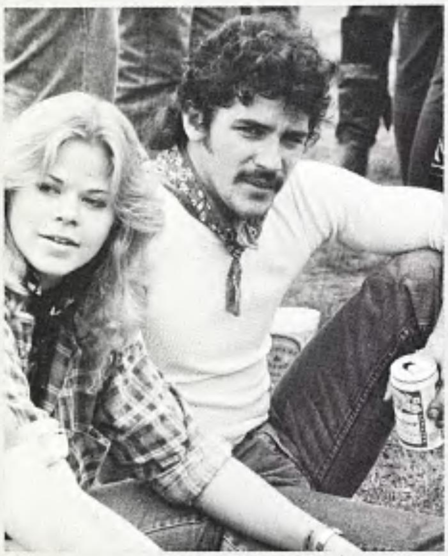
The AM-JAM site, about eight miles from the famous old resort town of Saratoga Springs, is great for a lot of reasons — not just historical appropriateness. For one thing, it isn't just a flat, parched patch of ground like so many places. The preserve runs for literally miles, bisected by a winding, one-lane paved road. Near the

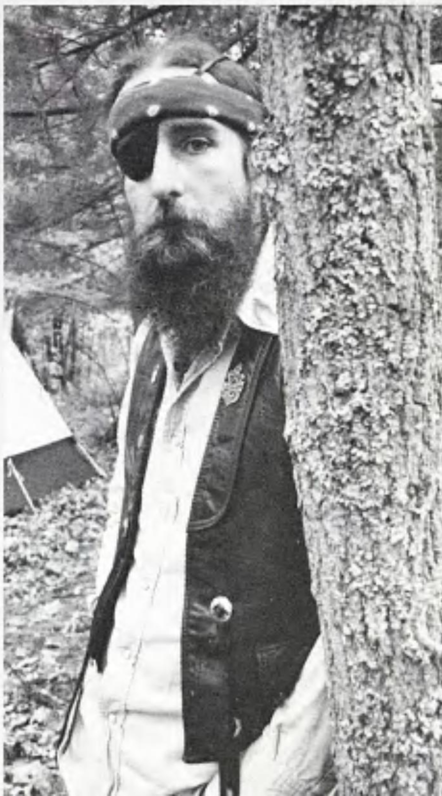




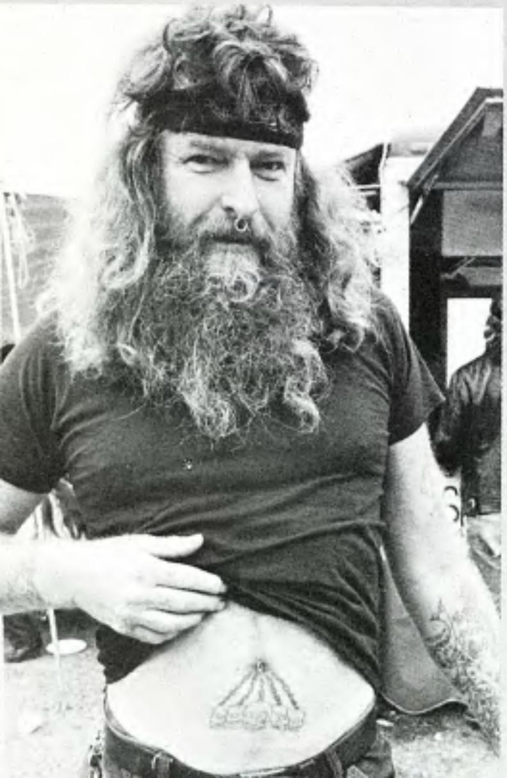


entrance, there's a big open area where the concessions are set up and the bike show, games and dances take place. When it comes to unrolling your sleeping bag or pitching your tent, you just putt off down that one lane until you find a secluded place surrounded by trees. AM-JAM provides a rare chance for you to get together and party





AM-JAM IN THE JUNGLE

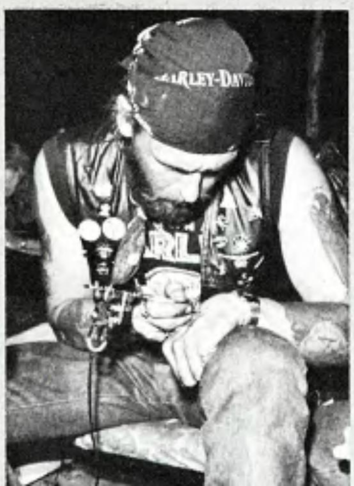


with a mass of your bros and sisters while still being able to slip away for a very private moment with that very special little split-tail.

One other thing about the AM-JAM site — the trees provide some terrific shade. Now if someone next year would only remember to bring the friggin' sun. . . .

—Grape

Photos by Michael Lichter



MOTORCYCLE MOTEL

Since my baby broke down, I've found a new place to dwell; it's down at the end of Harley Street, the scooter motel.

Well, okay, so the Laurel Lodge Motel (to be officially renamed the Motorcycle Motel as soon as owners Bill and Vickie Schneider can afford a new sign) ain't exactly down at the end of Harley Street. It's actually on U.S. 75, about seven miles north of London, Kentucky. But it could be down at the end of Harley Street — and it sure *should* be called the Motorcycle Hotel — because the 13-unit roadside inn is the first hostelry anywhere specifically designed to accommodate the scooter-riding public.

You know how those high-class luxury resorts provide their guests with fancy mints on their pillows at bedtime and cold, damp washcloths to wipe their faces with out at the pool? Well, for $20 a day the Motorcycle Motel will give ya a ramp for rolling scooters into your room, a pan to catch oil drips, and an old rag for polishing the bright work.

And that ain't the half of it.

How would you like to park your carcass beside a fish-filled lake or river while your scoot gets a well-deserved overhaul or your ol' lady's having a much-needed American flag tattooed on top of that old Caesarean scar? You can do it at the Motorcycle Motel.

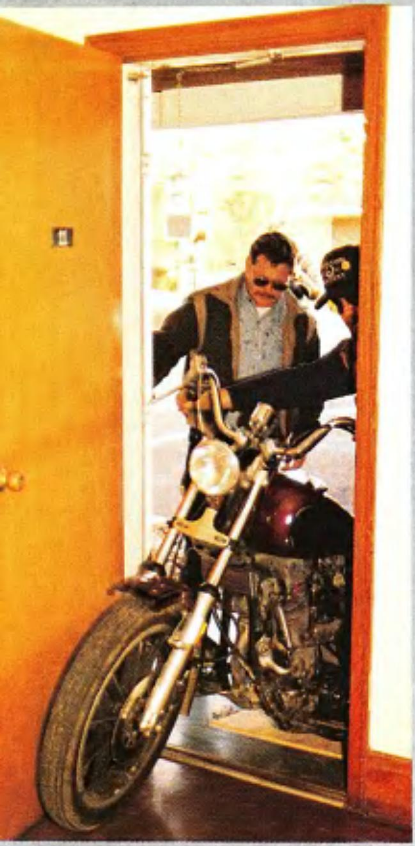
Instead of the more traditional beauty shop or game room, the Motorcycle Motel has a full-scale bike shop right on the premises. Stocking over $20,000 in Harley parts (Bill expects to triple that by the end of the year), the motel is also equipped as a full industrial machine shop. While you grill biker burgers at the big barbecue pit or check out the wilderness abutting the Daniel Boone National Forest, your bike can be repaired or dyno-tuned by experts at the bargain rate of $15 an hour for labor (as of July 1986), with parts being supplied below retail.

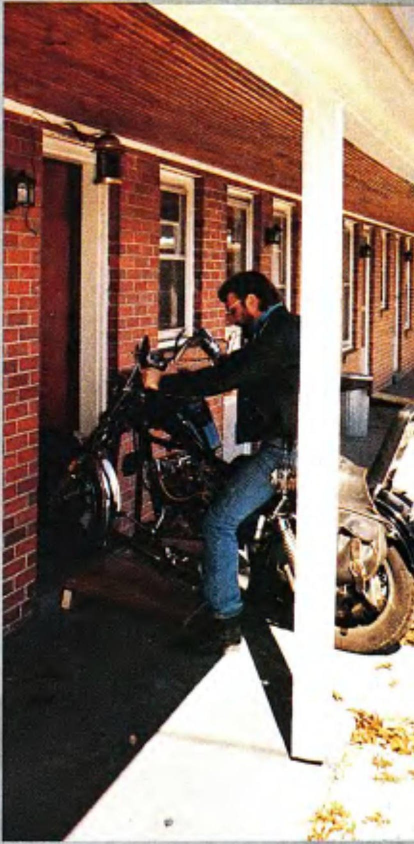
And if you want a picture postcard to show your bros and sisters where you've been, Vickie Schneider would be happy to tattoo one on your forehead (or anywhere else). An accomplished tattooist with years of experience, Vickie isn't about to retire from the arts just because she's now an innkeeper, too.

If there's one negative aspect to vacationing at the Motorcycle Motel, it's the fact that the surrounding countryside is as dry as a pair of fatbobs ventilated by a .30-30. The nearest legal booze is over the border, in Virginia and Tennessee.

See? We told ya right out front that there was a bit of heartbreak — or at least beer ache — to this story.

—Butcher





Photos by Kathy Kowal and Floyd Lovins

THE NEW AMERICANA

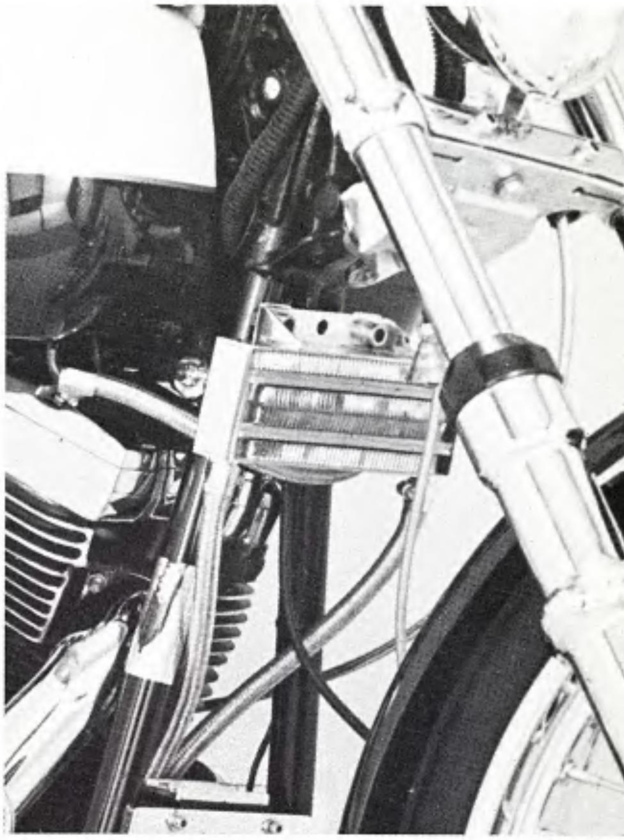
The owner wanted that "old-time feeling" in a new ride.

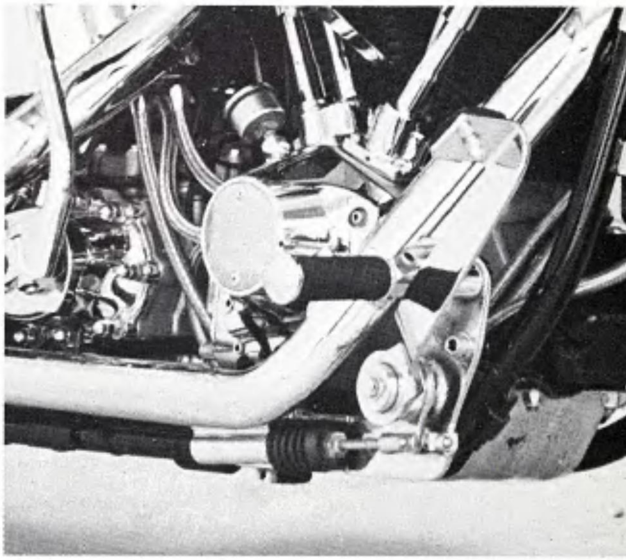
"Riding is my salvation, my release. Man, I just love it." And with that comment, Allan DeShon was on his way to Sturgis aboard his modified '85 Softail. The man has been riding a scant four years, but he's already a biker to the bone. In fact, he considers himself a "purist" when it comes to putting down the road.

This bike was put together with the idea of getting that old-time feeling back. Like that old-time rock 'n' roll Bob Seger sings about, DeShon wanted a sled that reminded him of the fifties, which coincided nicely with the Harley Softail. After being crouched in the horse-type jockey position on his first bike, a Sportster, he decided he needed to stretch out. So he designed a bike after a 1957 panhead, going for a piece of vintage Americana. Though, as he admits, she's remained relatively stock. Why fuck with a good thing?

He did want to add some pep, hence the Screaming Eagle carb, which in Allan's words, "woke the bike up, eliminated the flat spots." This after last year's run to Sturgis, which was more or less a shake-down cruise. Along with a new coat of paint from Joe Montalto (an exotic car-

Owner: Allan DeShon	**City:** Northridge, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1985 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FXST	Type: Softail	
Value: $13,000	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Van Nuys H-D	Stretch: none	
Time: 14 months	Other alterations: altered swingarm	
Chroming by: Aztec/Astro	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Sportster	
Year: 1985	Risers: pullback	
Model: Evolution	Fender(s): H-D	
Rebuilder: none	Headlight: factory	
Ignition: electric	Taillight: Vic's Custom Cycle	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.	Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: Gary Bang	
Balancing: factory	Rear pegs: Gary Bang	
Pistons: two	Electrics: H-D	
Cases: chrome	Gas tank: 5-gal.	
Heads: H-D	Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): stock	Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: chrome	
Carb(s): Screaming Eagle	Seat: La Pera	
Air cleaner: Screaming Eagle	Sissybar: H-D	
Pipes: MAC	Height: 8 in.	
Muffler(s): none	Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: none	Type: wide glide	
Year: 1985	Extension: shortened 2½ in.	
Shifting: foot	Builder: Micah McCloskey	
Engine sprocket: stock	Special features: machined/chromed	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Joe Montalto	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Joe Montalto	Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: Pearl Cream/Pearl Wine	Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer/MC 1000	Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D
Special paint: Striping by Bob Bond.		
Other special modifications: Special care and assembly by Earl at Van Nuys Harley		





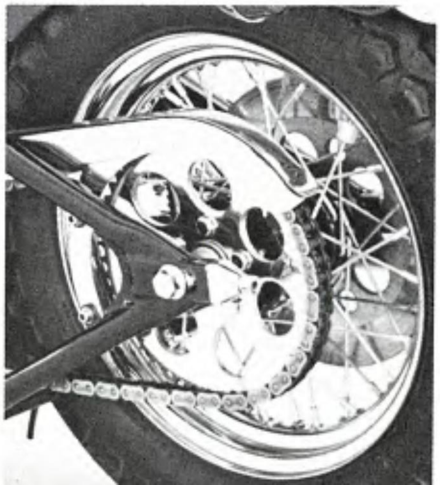
paint specialist who used MC 1000 clear over the lacquer), and lettering and gold leafing done by Bob Bond, Allan had the seat firmed up by La Pera to keep his ass from going to sleep and getting those uncomfortable butt tingles.

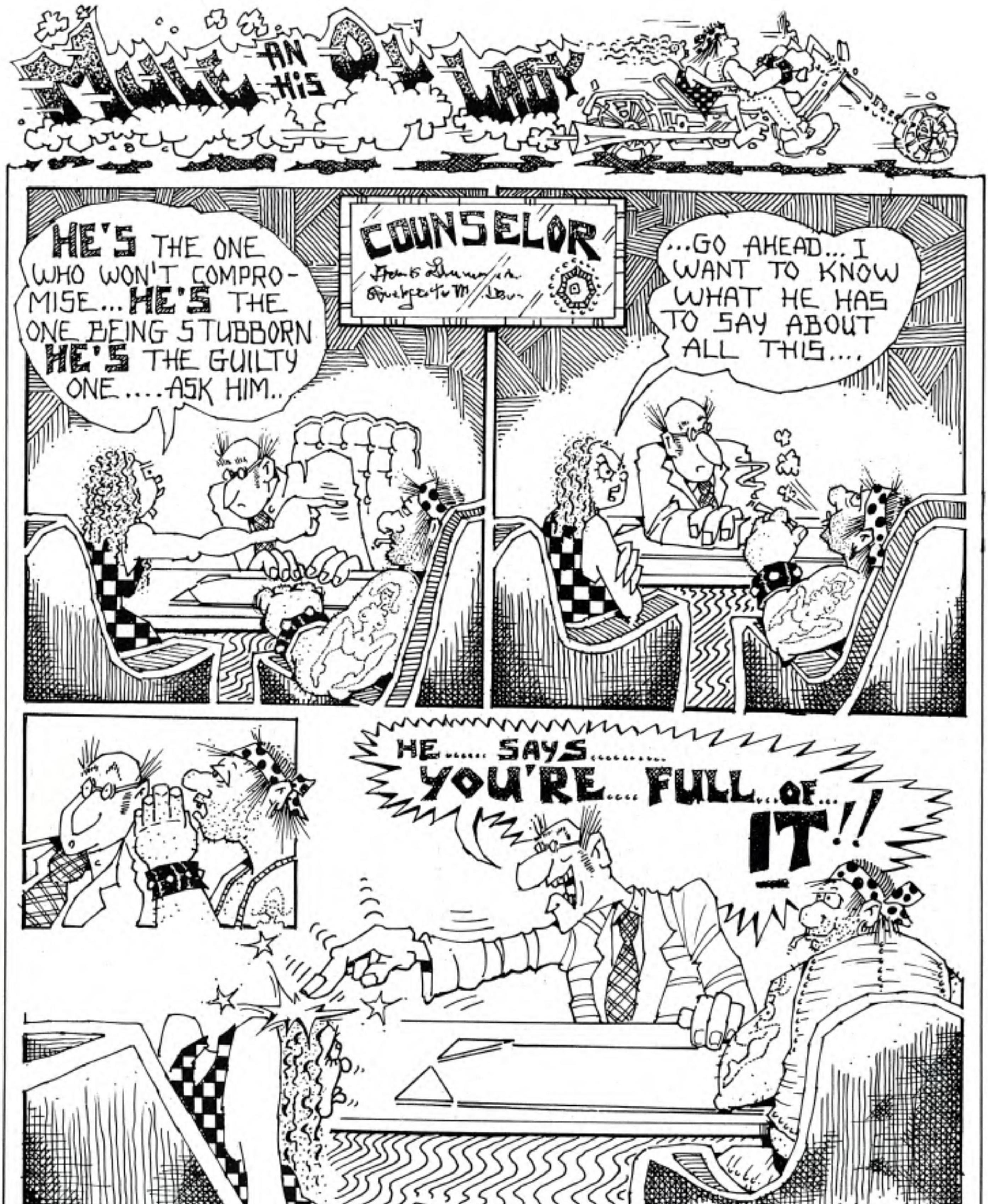
Micah McCloskey shortened the forks to level the ride out after Billy Westbrook did a number on the rear end to take away, as DeShon says, "that dirt bike look."

"The fun is in the gettin' there — I wouldn't trailer it anywhere. After Sturgis we're headin' across Canada to the Expo in Vancouver, then down the coast. Guess ya could say I got a yen for riding. It just sorta hit me a few years ago."

Yeah, Allan, and that's a hit nobody minds. —Loudmouth

Photos by Pete Chiodo




AN HIS OL' LADY
COUNSELOR
HE'S THE ONE WHO WON'T COMPROMISE... HE'S THE ONE BEING STUBBORN HE'S THE GUILTY ONE.....ASK HIM..
...GO AHEAD... I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE HAS TO SAY ABOUT ALL THIS....
HE..... SAYS......... YOU'RE.... FULL...OF... IT!!
DENNIS KILGORE

Fund drive nets more bikers than bucks

In 1985 Southern California bikers participating in a run to raise funds for the Muscular Dystrophy Association collected over $10,000 to aid crippled children. In 1986 they decided to do it again. Only this time the big winners were the cops and courts and the real losers were the kids.

According to many area residents, as well as bikers taking part in the run, members of the Organized Special Investigation Team, an elite group of federal and state police officers that was created especially to harass patchholders, acted illegally when they began pulling over and interrogating bikers attempting to reach the run headquarters at Dumont's Tavern in El Cajon.

"As far as I'm concerned, it's outright harassment," says Dumont's owner, Rich Dumont. "Why don't they do this [random stops and license/registration checks] any other Saturday of the year? Why today? We've got all the licenses and permits. Last year we raised over $10,000 for the kids. This year we're going to lose."

Dumont's view was supported by local resident Mike Warden. "The cops say they're out here to bust drug dealers. Well, all they're really doing is stopping hippie-looking guys with long hair driving Harley-Davidsons."

According to a spokesman for the cops, eight bikers were arrested — most of them on outstanding warrants — during the stop-and-search exercise. Included among the bustees were patchholders from the Gray Ghosts, Satan's Few, and the Axmen.

Meanwhile, the fact that bikers were being singled out for "special treatment" by the cops was having a disastrous effect on the fund drive. "We've spent $901 on 250 meals," fund-raising committee member Bill "Wheels" Geddry told the press. "So far, only 71 people have showed up because of the harassment. We're going to lose money and that will hurt the kids."

Easynews

"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

B.C. helmet law thrown out for 2nd time

For the second time in less than a year a judge has ruled the mandatory helmet law in the province of British Columbia, Canada, invalid.

According to Provincial Judge Wallace Craig, riders cannot be forced to wear lids because the province superintendent of motor vehicles has no legal power to set safety-and-effectiveness standards for the buckets. Thus it was impossible for riders to know when they were obeying the law [by wearing an approved helmet] and when they weren't.

The precedent-setting case was brought by Larry Stone, a 38-year-old Vancouver construction worker, who was hauled into court on four counts of riding his Hog without a helmet.

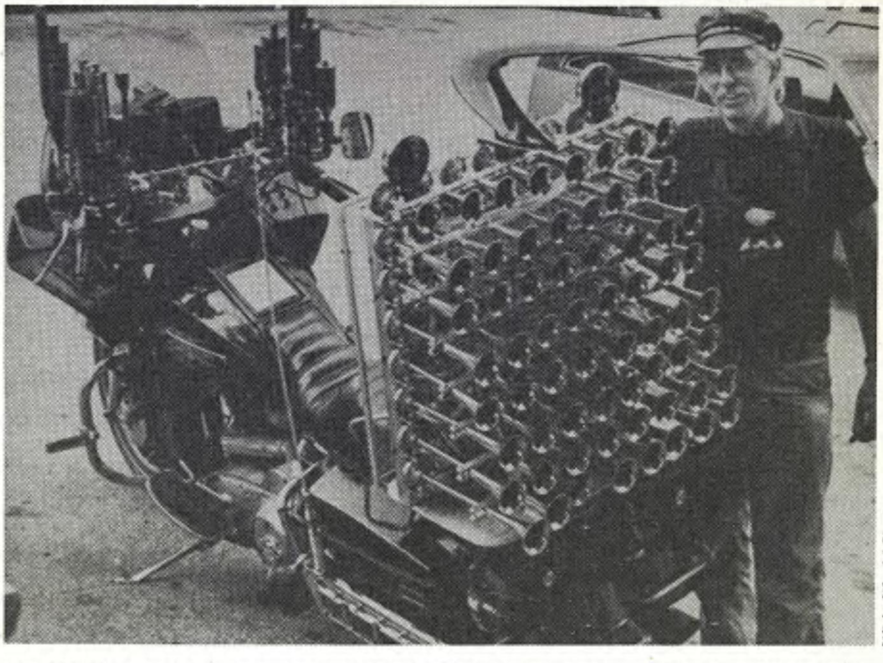
Stone's victory marked the second time in six months that the B.C. bucket law has bitten the dust. The first time a county court struck down the law, the provincial government quickly rewrote it. At press time officials were not sure if they would appeal the Stone verdict.

B.A.M. expanding services to bikers

Bikers Against Manslaughter, a biker self-help organization formed almost five years ago by California attorney Russ Brown, recently added a free emergency blood program to its list of services.

Under the program, B.A.M. will maintain a nationwide, computerized file of volunteers' blood types. When a B.A.M. member or someone in his family needs blood, B.A.M. will notify the closest volunteer with the correct blood type that a donation is needed.

B.A.M. volunteers also help with accident investigations, breakdowns, and other travel traumas. In addition, B.A.M. sponsors a nationwide legal services network and provides, on request, emergency medical information on members to hospitals and paramedics. For more information call 1-800-4-bikers.



HIGH-TONED HOG — Connecticut biker Bill Traverse shows off the 18 antique train whistles and 64 horns decorating his Harley. Traverse, who has ridden his musical motorcycle from coast to coast, says his wheeled wind section can play 64 different songs as he motivates along looking for women who are as _horny_ as his scooter.

alert . . . helmet alert . . . helmet alert . . . helmet alert . . . helmet alert . . . helmet alert .

Surprise! Bucketeer wants national lid law

Skid-lid importer Harry McPherson has issued a call for other members of the motorcycle industry to lobby for mandatory helmet laws on both the state and national level.

"I think the motorcycle industry should be doing what the automobile industry did with the seat belt issue: We should definitely push and lobby for mandatory helmet usage," McPherson, president of Dyna Tour, a purveyor of Not-Made-In-The-USA helmets, wrote in a recent *Motorcycle Product News* guest editorial. "It's our business! And for us to not defend our products, and the use of our products is, in my opinion, irresponsible."

Though McPherson admits that his argument is "self-serving," he draws no distinction between his trying to ring up more sales on his cash register (probably Japanese) and motorcycle rights advocates' efforts to protect their freedom — and by logical extension, the freedom of all Americans — from encroachment by both power-grubbing politicians and money-hungry businessmen.

"We've had major discussions throughout the helmet industry about 'Wouldn't pushing for mandatory legislation appear to be self-serving?', McPherson wrote. "Of course, it's self-serving. But you know something? The people who oppose mandatory helmet use are not bashful about doing so. Why should the helmet industry be bashful about supporting it? The opponents are being self-serving; so why shouldn't the helmet industry be self-serving?"

Why indeed? Among the "Of course, it's self-serving" policies McPherson would like to see implemented are insurance company blacklists of non-helmeted riders, and the refusal of medical service to riders injured while not wearing a lid.

"For those people who argue that mandatory helmet laws are an infringement on their basic rights, I agree with that argument," McPherson said. "But I also believe that if a person is injured while not wearing a helmet, he should have *absolutely no recourse for assistance or help . . .*

"I also honestly believe that our health insurance companies, and our motorcycle insurance companies, should provide a discount for people who ride with helmets at all times. And I think they *should not cover* people who make an active choice not to wear them."

Okay, HARRY, let's see how well the shoe fits on *your* foot.

Let's say that injured bikers cost society X number of dollars per year, HARRY. How much do you think runaway industrialists — job exporters, in other words, HARRY — cost society every year? If someone breaks into your warehouse and rips off all your imported inventory, should the cops offer "absolutely no recourse for assistance"? How about *that*, HARRY?

Maybe *our* product liability and fire insurance companies should cancel your business policies, HARRY. After all, you made "an active choice" not to peddle American-made products.

Or how about this scenario, HARRY? Suppose Congress should pass a mandatory helmet law saying that lids, to be legal, must pass the DOT standards *and* be made in the U.S.A.? Would you still be advocating mandatory helmet laws, HARRY? Or would you be using the pages of *Motorcycle Product News* to shed some tears for the good old days when riders were free not only to decide *whether* to wear a helmet, but to choose a preferred country of origin for the bloody thing?

Get real, HARRY. And while you're at it, get your own house in order before you come around dragging your fascist — and to use your own word, self-serving — shit through ours.

And back from well-deserved obscurity . . .

Here comes St. Joan !!!!!!!!!!!!

Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Dole must have thought she'd centerpunched a cement truck or walked under a falling safe.

Here she is, happily going about her business strong-arming various states into raising their minimum drinking age, lowering their speed limits, and buckling up for safety, and suddenly she's mugged by a ghost. One day she's cheerfully studying the odds that she and her hubby, Senator Robert Dole, may someday become the first husband-wife combo to run for president and vice president and suddenly, from nowhere, she is accused of, if not quite genocide, at least squandering public funds.

Well, Mama said there'd be days like that . . . and Mama never even met Joan Claybrook. Joan Claybrook — yes, *that* Joan Claybrook — resurfaced recently and stayed afloat just long enough to lob a few "soft-on-mandatory-lid-law" bombs at the unsuspecting Dole.

"While you have directed the Department of Transportation to spend millions of dollars encouraging the passage of state seat-belt laws, you have failed to advocate enactment or enforcement of state motorcycle-helmet-use laws," Claybrook, a former head of the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration who now runs a Ralph Nadar front called Public Citizen, told Dole in a publicly released letter. "While you have encouraged the passage and lauded the success of state child [seat] restraint laws and state laws that set the minimum drinking age at 21, you have ignored the highly effective protection motorcycle-helmet-use laws provide in safeguarding the lives and livelihoods of many of our nation's young people."

Now comes the good part, the political mud-slinging. "Your inactivity," Democrat Claybrook lectured Republican Dole, "allows this carnage to continue and perpetrates the financial drain motorcycle injuries impose on our government, our medical systems, on society and on thousands of distraught families."

Dear Ms. Dole, before considering Claybrook's laments seriously, please note a few items:

— The four states with the lowest motorcycle fatality rates per 100,000 motorcycle registrations *do not* have mandatory helmet laws.

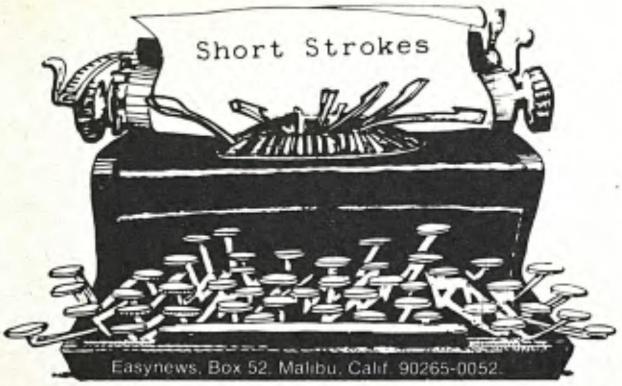
— Would-be dictators intent on subverting the American Constitution and way of life frequently attempt to cloak their lust for power in the guise of protecting the "nation's young people."

— Ms. Claybrook peppers her pronouncements with the word "laws" the way some people fill their conversations with the phrase "you know." Freud could have had a field day laying bare the fears and insecurities underlying such obsessive invocation of authority.

— Claybrook and her mentor Jimmy Carter were driven from Washington by a landslide for many reasons, not the least of which was their policy of proposing a new law for every day of the week and two on Sunday.

Wide World Photo

St. Joan of Claybrook — **The face that launched a thousand laws.**



It's happening all over the world, the eagle is soaring straight up, the Rising Sun is sinking fast. Latest country to check in with stats is Australia: Harley registrations were *up* 23 percent in the first quarter of 1986. Yamaha, *down* 40 percent; Honda, *down* 24 percent; Suzuki, *down* about 30 percent; Kawasaki, *down* over 30 percent. . . . **More good news.** After 15 years of grinding out the ol' BS, the Safety Helmet Council of America has tied on its toe tag. According to director Jodi DeLucca, the helmet-maker propaganda organization went belly-up 'cause it was unable to get liability insurance . . . **Freedom-of-choice-department:** The "Captain's Hotline" in the Guantanamo Bay *Daily Gazette* explained why the Navy's policy regarding the mandatory use of helmets, gloves, jackets, and other such shit is not undemocratic. "You do have a choice," the captain informed the swabbies. "The choice to ride or not is yours." Thank you, sir.

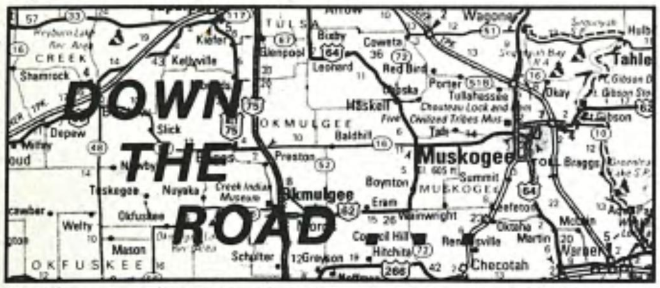
This year's blessing of the bikes at the Shrine of Our Lady of Grace in Columbia, New Hampshire, was the largest in the traditional riding-season-opener's ten-year existence. Over 13,000 bros and sisters showed up for the four-hour ceremony. The high point of the day was the dedication of an 18-ton granite statue of a man and woman kneeling in prayer beside a scooter . . . **When we're right, we're right,** and when we're wrong you always let us know about it. In the May edition of "Easynews" we referred to something happening in Pennington Gap, *Pennsylvania*. The town is actually Pennington Gap, *Virginia*. Sorry 'bout that.

This year's Ride for Life to benefit hearing-impaired children in Colorado was dedicated to the late John Coit, a bike-riding columnist for Denver's *Rocky Mountain News*. Coit, who died of a heart attack last year at the age of 38, wasn't a hardcore biker, but his columns about the good times he had on his Harley and the good deeds often performed by hardcore bikers did a lot to enlighten the general public in his area . . . **Harley rider** Doug Siff recently won $2.5 million in a New York newspaper-sponsored contest. He immediately went to the office where his mother worked, marched her out the door and told her she wasn't working anymore. After that? "I'm going to put the money in the garbage can and just let it sit there while I think about what I'm going to do," Siff told the local news media.

And finally: John Kendziorski of Adena, Ohio, woke up one recent morning and decided to do something for his country. So he doused his 1981 Yamaha Maxim with gasoline and lit a match to it. Then he added a 1973 Honda trailbike and a Jap-built cassette player to the pyre. Then he buried all his imported tools and threw out his mother's Oriental tableware. "I've declared cold war on all imports," he told reporters as he boarded up his house. At last report, John and his ol' lady were traveling the backroads of the U.S.A. preaching the "Buy American" gospel to all who would listen.

U.S./Canadian Motorcycle Laws	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights On 24 hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes[1,12]	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
California	Yes	No[13]	No	Yes[6]
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes[1-4]	Yes[3]	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes[2]	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Kansas	Yes	No[2]	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes[7]	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes[6]
New Mexico	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No[12]	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No[9]	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes[2]	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes[1]	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes[8]
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 6-Lights on if bike was made after 1977. 7-Required for speeds above 35mph. 8-1970 or newer bikes. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. 13-Passengers under 15½ must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. **Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.**



Here's your guide to what's happening "down the road" into the future. To have *your* club or organization's event listed, get the information to us *at least* three months beforehand. We are as accurate as possible, but events are often canceled, moved or rescheduled after publication. If you're goin' a long way just to catch a specific event, it pays to contact the sponsors a week or two ahead of time just to make sure that everything's still cool. Send info on your upcoming parties, runs, and other events to Down The Road, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

SEPTEMBER

September 21 — BRUCE'S 50th ANNUAL TURKEY RUN in Peoria, Illinois. Run will be followed by turkey dinner with all the trimmings. Sponsored by the Peoria MC, 605 S. Cameron Lane, Peoria, IL 61607. (309) 697-4981.

September 27 — BIKER RIGHTS RALLY at Queen's Park in Toronto, Canada. Guest speakers will lead discussions on topics such as lights-on laws, unleaded gas, insurance, and helmets. Run barbecue, and party to follow. Sponsored by BRO, 125 Prescott Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6N 369. (416) 656-1263.

OCTOBER

October 4 — FLAMING FOLIAGE TOUR, beginning at ye Olde Cycle barn in Hughsville, Pennsylvania. Proceeds benefit the Ronald McDonald House of Danville, PA. Games, prizes, "show-what-you-ride" bike show. For info, write Flaming Foliage Tour, R.D. 1 Box 341, Unityville, PA 17774.

October 5 — HARE AND HOUND RUN at Niagara Raceway in Welland, Ontario. Sponsored by the Welland County MC. For more info, call (416) 732-4812.

October 5 — TOY RUN at state capitol in Lansing, Michigan. Ride kicks off at noon and is sponsored by ABATE of Michigan. For more info, call Bob at (517) 627-4766.

October 10-11 — COLOR TOUR, Cycle More Campground, Box 97, Interlochen, MI 49643. For more info, write 'em or call (616) 276-9091.

October 10-12 — TURKEY SHOOT & SWAP MEET in Osceola, Florida. Camping by a cool lake and scooter games will be featured. Sponsored by ABATE of Osceola. For more info, call (305) 299-4158.

October 18 — TOY RUN at Baltimore City Inner Harbor, Baltimore, Maryland. Sixth Annual Ride for Kids begins at 1 p.m. Free coffee, donuts, music, door prizes. Admission: a new toy, or a couple of cans of food, or $2. Sponsored by ABATE of Maryland. For more info, call Rob Ritter at (301) 435-2520.

October 18 — FIRST ANNUAL CUSTOMER THANK-YOU PARTY, at the Motorcycle Motel, East Bernstadt, Kentucky. Free swap meet, party. Must be on bike to stay at motel. For more information, call Bill Schneider at (606) 843-6126.

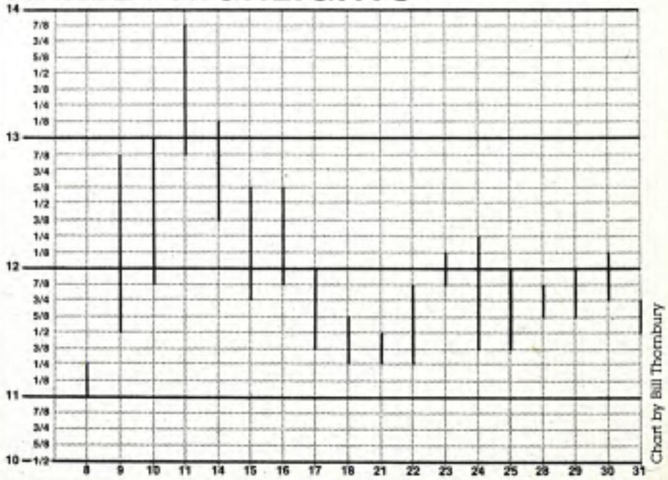
NOVEMBER

November 9 — BIKE SHOW & SWAP MEET at the Metrolina Fairgrounds in Charlotte, North Carolina. Door prizes and two bands. Sponsored by Concerned Bikers Association. For more info, call (704) 536-8535.

November 14-16 — TURKEY SHOOT & SWAP MEET in Osceola, Florida. Sponsored by ABATE of Florida. Bike show, lakeside camping. For more info, call (305) 299-4158.

November 16 — 2ND ANNUAL BOYS TOWN-OF-FLORIDA RUN, beginning at the Orange Bowl in Miami, Florida. Sponsored by Dade County Chapters, ABATE of Florida. Begins at 10 a.m. sharp. For more info, call (305) 238-3160.

HARLEY HIGHLIGHTS



The chart shows the daily high-low price spread of Harley-Davidson, Inc., common stock on the American Stock Exchange for all trading days during the month of July, 1986.

The biggest recent news at the Milwaukee Hog farm is, obviously, the transition from Harley-Davidson to Harley-Davidson, Inc. (see interview with Vaughn Beals on page 54). The Harley, Inc. stock was issued on July 8 at $11 a share, immediately climbed above that, and never looked back. For those of you who follow the ticker, Harley's trading symbol on the American Stock Exchange is HDI.

One of the legal requirements of being a public corporation is that you have to have several outsiders on your board of directors. In other words, the Securities and Exchange Commission wants a few guys checking things out who are not company execs. In most big corporations these "outside directors," as they are called, are merely figureheads who routinely approve what the company's officers recommend. Vaughn Beals has a different idea. "We wanted an active, aggressive board," he told the press. "We weren't looking for a rubberstamp board."

The three outside directors — who will serve on a five-person board with Beals and company financial veep Richard Teerlink — are S. Trevor Deeley, 66, chief executive officer of Harley's Canadian distributor; Richard Hermon-Taylor, 44, vice president of the Boston Consulting Group; and Dr. Michael J. Kami, 63, a private management consultant who was previously an executive with Xerox and IBM during those companies' years of greatest growth. Leaving the board of directors to make way for the new arrivals are Jeffrey L. Bleustein, H-D vice president for parts and accessories; Thomas A. Gelb, H-D vice president for operations; James H. Paterson, H-D vice president for marketing; and Peter L. Profumo, H-D vice president of program management.

Meanwhile, back at the plant, the assembly lines were busy cranking out the first 1987 Harley-Davidson, Inc. models even as the presses were busy cranking out the first shares of Harley-Davidson, Inc. stock. The biggest product news for '87 is the introduction of the FXLR Low Rider Custom and FXRS-Sp Sport Edition. Other major changes include a new close-ratio four-speed gearbox for the Sportster and an upgraded FXRT Sport Glide that gives touring riders such amenities as a hi-fi sound system and adjustable highway pegs. The Sport Glide will replace the newly discontinued FXRD Grand Touring Edition in the Harley-Davidson lineup.

According to company spokesman, Buzz Buzzelli, all 1987 Harleys will feature many detail improvements in design and manufacture, such as die-cast cylinder heads and more rugged rod bearings.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make a purchase of twenty-five bucks or more and ask for your free copy of *Easyriders* from any of the bike shops listed here. And remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

ALABAMA
Alabama Cycle Supply 1317 Hundley Dr., Huntsville

ALASKA
House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
MC Brothers Parts, Inc. 3403 S. Park, Tucson

ARKANSAS
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
Ben's H-D 723 W. Hillsboro St., El Dorado

CALIFORNIA
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Puff 'N Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 5442 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave., N. Palm Springs
Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
Todd's Garage 7841 Alabama #18, Canoga Park
Moonshine Cycle 232 W. Olive, Porterville
Top Gear 27 Parker Way, Santa Barbara
Hutchins HD 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley

COLORADO
D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 3605 E. Platte Ave., Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood

CONNECTICUT
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
Al's Motorcycle Parts Rt. 66, Columbia
Custom Cycle 4 New Rd., Madison

DELAWARE
Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle
Joe's Bargain Cycle New Castle Farmers Market, Rts. #13 & #40, New Castle

FLORIDA
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 6030 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
H-D Engineering, Inc. 16336 N. Florida Ave., Lutz
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.), Miami
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Mike Denniston's H-D, Inc. 402 N. Bay St., Eustis
Bustin' Chops 2371 SW 57th Ave., Hollywood
C.C. Cycle Works 6530-B W. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Pettry V-Twin Performance 5627 15th St. E. #B-16, Brandenton
White Rabbit 4037 SW 96th Ave., Miami

GEORGIA
Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
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Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Suburban H-D, Inc. 2200 Rand Rd., Palatine

INDIANA
Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1311 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo
Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie
Nomad Leathers M.F. 5603 Calumet Ave., Hammond

IOWA
Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 5810 N.W. 2nd Ave., Des Moines

KANSAS
Newton Cycle Shop & Leather 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton
For Bikers Only 911 N. Washington, Junction City

KENTUCKY
Pappy's Custom Cycles U.S. 23/Rt. #4 Box 953-P, Pikeville
Scooter Parts Supply 507 U.S. 60 West, Ashland

LOUISIANA
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur

MAINE
Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND
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Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Scott Shop, Inc. 10735 Baltimore Ave., Baltimore
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr. Cresaptown

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Motor City Harley-Davidson 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
S&J Hog Hardware Rt. 2 Box 955/US 12 West, New Buffalo

MINNESOTA
Bowman's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 18-D, Brainerd

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Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

MISSOURI
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Little Wing Cycle Parts 109 Washington Ave., W. Plains

MONTANA
The Boondocker Shop 610 9th St. N., Great Falls
Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings

NEBRASKA
Butterfields MC Parts 8025 Blondo, Omaha

NEW JERSEY
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Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dove
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Black Baron Hammonton Airport, Hammonton

NEW MEXICO
Vetter Cycle Repair 3600 Osuna N.E., Suite 305, Albuquerque
New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants

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Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
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Superior MC Parts 162 West Hills Rd., Huntington Station
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Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis

NORTH DAKOTA
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Cycledelic Choppers 1407 Lancaster Ave., Reading
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The Hog Pen 622 Tower Ave., Superior

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay $25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Easyriders

"Don't talk dirty to her — she'll get stuck to her barstool."

Easyriders

"He can't talk yet."

It's really terrifying to think that you're being judged by twelve people who couldn't think up an excuse to get out of jury duty.

—DiDi
New Orleans, La.

Easyriders

"Baby, I've got *great* news! I told Martin about us and now we don't have to sneak around anymore."

A runt walked into the local redneck bar wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the message, "Rednecks suck." In no time, the biggest dude in the place swaggered over and said, "Hey, shrimp! What the fuck does your shirt say?" to which the runt merely replied, "Huh, dumb fuck can't even read."

The redneck took a couple of steps forward. "What the fuck did you just say?"

Getting off his stool, the runt remarked, "Dumb fuck can't hear, either. Let's step outside and I'll repeat it."

The redneck set off for the door, with the runt following, and as soon as they were outside the bigger man spun around, flashing a big ol' switchblade. At this, the runt just smiled and said, "Dumb fuck brought a knife to a gunfight."

—Rack Jule
Hadley, Mass.

Slick and Animal were out deer hunting for the first time when Animal shot a large buck. Elated, they each grabbed a hind leg and started dragging the deer back to their truck. About halfway there, they encountered the game warden. After checking out their tags and license, he thanked 'em for their time and suggested they might find it easier to drag the buck by its antlers. Sure enough, as soon as they'd each gotten a good grip, away they went. Soon, however, Animal looked over at Slick and said, "I don't know, bro. It's easier, but we're sure getting a long ways away from the truck."

—Nester
Tulsa, Okla.

The bro went into a nightclub and spying a gorgeous honey sitting by herself at the bar, he asked her to dance. She agreed and they took to the floor for a slow one. While they were cheek to cheek, the bro said, "You really smell terrific. What's that you have on?"

The flattered chick told him it was Chanel #5. Then, wanting to return the compliment, she said, "You smell good, too. What is it that *you* have on?"

"Well, I've got a hardon, but I didn't think you could smell it," the bro replied.

—Bill Silvia
Swansea, Mass.

Q: What do you say to a biker who's dressed in a three-piece suit?
A: Will the defendant please rise.

—Dave Chance
Tamal, Calif.

Easyriders

"Oh, here's the problem. You've got a pubic hair stuck between your third and fourth molars."

My girlfriend's hair feels like silk,
her skin is fair and fine.
When we lay in bed together,
I'm damn sure glad she's mine.
I let my fingers do the walkin' once
and I sorta let 'em linger.
When she said, "That's not my bellybutton,"
I said, "That ain't my finger!"

—Rusty Russell
Lynchburg, Va.

Easyriders

"Now I'm afraid this may sting a little."

"One good thing about all this. . .I know I'm not hopelessly middle-class, after all."

Two aliens from another planet where the only form of land transportation is motorcycles decided to visit Earth. On their first night here they were traveling down an interstate when they saw a pair of oncoming headlights in the distance. "Watch me scare the wheels off those two guys," said one alien to the other. He proceeded to meet the headlights head-on and the next thing he knew, he was in a hospital room with his buddy anxiously leaning over him, asking how he felt. "Oh, I'll be okay, I guess," said the would-be prankster, "but if I ever get my hands on that bastard who was riding in the middle with his lights off, I swear I'm gonna kill him."

—Danny Yount
Carthage, Tex.

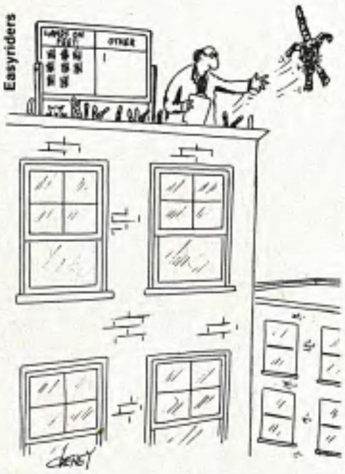
The customer at the check-out counter had a box of Tampax without a price sticker on it, so the clerk got on the PA system and said, "I need a price check, please, on 48-count Tampax." The salesman in hardware misunderstood and thought she'd asked about thumb tacks, so he responded by getting on the loudspeaker and asking, "The kind you hammer in or the ones you shove in with your thumb?"

—Blue Daisy
Birmingham, Ala.

First bro: What's true happiness?

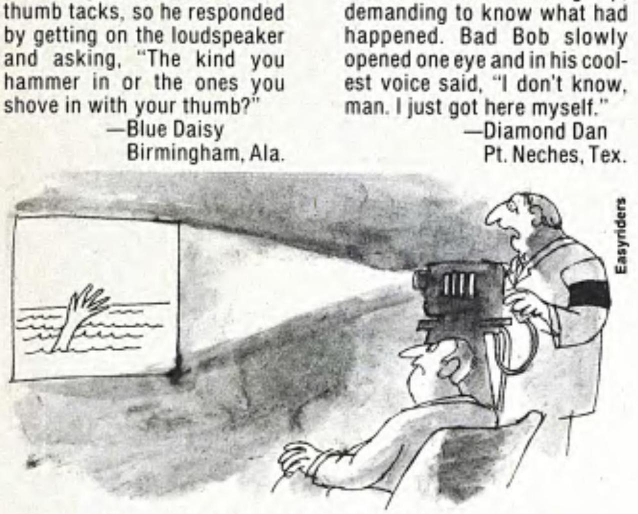
Second bro: Seeing your mother-in-law's picture on a milk carton.

—Altered States
Sarles, N.D.



Bad Bob was swinging on a welding lead from the second floor when he lost his grip and landed flat on his back. Immediately the shop foreman came running up, demanding to know what had happened. Bad Bob slowly opened one eye and in his coolest voice said, "I don't know, man. I just got here myself."

—Diamond Dan
Pt. Neches, Tex.



"I waved back, thinking she was greeting me."

A travel-weary scooter tramp stopped at a house of ill repute for a little R&R. When the madam asked him his preference, he told her he wanted the meanest, toughest, raunchiest broad in the place and a couple of ice-cold brews. A few minutes later a chick sashayed into his room, set two bottles of beer on the nightstand, took off her clothes, and got on the bed on all fours with her pussy facing him. "Say, how about turnin' around, so we can do it face-to-face like regular people?" the bro said.

"That's okay with me," was the reply. "I just thought you might want to open up them beers first."

—Jack Burch
St. Paul, Minn.

Li'l Joe-Bob came home from church with two black eyes. When his dad asked him about the shiners, the boy said, "Well, it's like this. I was minding my own business when I saw the lady in front of me had her dress stuck up her crack, so I reached up and pulled it out. Next thing I knew, she turned around and knocked the fire outta me."

"That explains one eye, son," said Big Joe-Bob. "What about the other?"

"Well, after I thought about it for a minute, I figured she must've wanted it that way, so I reached up and shoved it back in," replied the lad.

—DMZ
Jacksonville, Fla.

The newlyweds checked into the honeymoon suite and began undressing for bed. Suddenly, the husband, a big, burly sort, tossed his pants at his bride and said, "Put these on."

Puzzled, she complied with his request and found that they were about three times her size. "I definitely can't wear your pants," she said.

"That's exactly right," said her spouse, "and don't you ever forget who wears the pants in this family."

An instant later she flipped him her panties and said, "Okay, now you try those on."

To humor her, he stepped into them but found he couldn't get them past his knees. "Hell, I can't get into your panties," he chuckled.

"You got it, bud," she said. "And that's how it's gonna be until you do something about your damn attitude!"

—Bill Sellstedt
Burnsville, Minn.

"We don't *have* any penis donors, Mr. Merkle, and we're not *going* to have any. You'll just have to make do with what you've got!"

After living an exceedingly wild life of partying to the max, the dude died and found himself standing before God. "How did I make it here?" he asked in amazement. "I did absolutely everything wrong during my life."

"This is the only place you can go," was the answer.

The stunned dude glanced around and noticed a crowd of people on a nearby cloud, all kicking themselves in the ass. He turned back to God and asked for an explanation.

"They didn't know this was the only way to go, either," God replied.

—Mika
Middle Village, N.Y.

"Well, I'm glad you're finally getting married. At least now you'll be able to ball your ol' lady without having to stand in line!"

The female barkeep had been keeping her eye open all evening for somebody to take home and toward closing time she'd narrowed it down to a soft-spoken bro sitting at the end of the bar. Approaching him, she found herself at a loss for a clever opener, so she went straight to the point. "Hey, handsome, what would you say if I told ya I've got an itchy pussy?"

"Sorry, lady, I don't know a thing about those fuckin' Jap bikes," the bro replied.

—V.G.
Modesto, Calif.

"I didn't say nothin' about being a professional stunt rider, I just said I'd made a few bucks turning tricks on the back of a Harley."

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SECOND CHANCE

By Carl Kohler

Reaching Willits, California, about mid-morning, Backup eased the mumbling Harley trike onto 101's shoulder at the edge of town, mutely looking at me over his own shoulder for some idea of what I had in mind.

Beside me, Marbles' compact bod was curled into a fetal position on the weathered leather couch. She's a tiny, curvy woman with green eyes and firm boobs that would still look incredibly big on a larger broad. While her long back, short legs, and underslung butt qualify her for the type of doll I dig most, her intelligence and demented loyalty are what I most value. Absolutely, for all time.

Backup stands six-foot-seven and has a knife-ravaged face and matching arms to prove his earlier years were just one damn fight after another. Backup was born a deaf-mute. We did a dime in Huntsville as cellies because I was the only dude there who could communicate fluently in sign language. My parents were deaf-mutes, too.

Hungry. Thirsty, signed Backup, grinning evilly. There's no such thing as a pleasant expression available to that ruined face. Only various degrees of menace. I've seen genuine badasses turn pale when it confronted them. The trick is to study his eyes for mood and meaning. After 27 years with the skinny monster I can read those muddy-colored eyes like a book set in oversized type.

Go get suds and burgers, I signed. **Park in the shade. Under that big tree, across the street from that cruddy motel.** My last gesture included pointing out the shabby collection of sagging cabins just ahead of us on the left.

He nodded and the trike lurched forward, rousing Marbles. When we halted under the tree I stiffly grunted my way off the couch.

"Wh-where ya goin'?" Marbles asked groggily.

"Gotta rap with the manager of that motel," I clued her. "Supposedly, this is where Lelia's working as a cleanin' woman, so maybe my kid's here, too."

"Jeez, I hope so." Her sleep-thickened face suddenly brightened with the warm smile that always turns me on. "Hope the ex ain't too shitty and the kid remembers ya, hon."

I affectionately slapped her rounded, denim-clad bottom. "You're all heart, lady. Keep on playin' your cards right and I'll let ya get old with me."

Her dazzling smile faded to a sad little smirk. "Just don't forget you're mine now, even if I can't have kids." Anyone who didn't know the sassy, little fox — easily 20 years younger than my snowy-bearded 56 — would've missed the anguish in her tone. Marbles was a natural-born motherly type, cheated by the hysterectomy her previous ol' man had insisted she have to spare him any future obligations.

"Shit," I laughed, walking away, "we both know I'm stuck with ya. Backup's gone for food. Anybody bothers ya before he gets back, show 'em the fuckin' magnum. Anybody tries anything, blast their balls off and yell 'Rape!' real loud."

She winked, her momentary sadness gone, and called after me, "I hope she's old and ugly!"

Trudging toward the ancient, sun-bleached sign reading Manager, I let my mind recreate a scene I usually avoid remembering. That long-ago night when I came home from work early to find my young wife frenziedly giving head to a handsome stranger, something she'd refused to do for me throughout our three-year marriage. I'd just stood there, studying naked her and nude him, while all kinds of feelings died and were instantly replaced by new emotions. They'd froze, expecting me to rant and rave and maybe start making both of them kinda dead. I didn't. Not a word. Not a move. Just a long, empty stare. Then I went into the bedroom where our two-year-old Ruthy was sleeping and numbly looked at her for a few seconds before walking out, taking nothing — absofuckinglutely nothing — with me. That's when I got into biking, sending money for Ruthy whenever I had it to send, not worrying too much when I couldn't.

"God," I muttered, pushing the doorbell, "nearly 20 years have gone by."

The cabin door opened, exposing a fat hag in her seventies, wearing half a pound of paint on her ugly face. She peered at me as though I was something damp and slimy that had just crawled out from under the porch. "Whaddya want?"

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

"I'm lookin' for Lelia Hopkins," I answered. "Does she still work here, by any chance?"

"Not anymore she don't."

"Any idea where she went?"

Beady eyes glinted brightly amid the wrinkles. "See that market across the highway?" A gnarled finger pointed it out and my glance took in Backup returning to the trike, his long arms loaded with sacks.

"Yeah," I said.

"She went over there." Venom seeped into her voice. "Gonna meet one of them lousy bums of hers. Never quite made it, though. Eighteen-wheeler hit her, smeared her all over the road. Ungrateful slut, served her right."

"Ungrateful?" I echoed.

"Tried being good to her. Coulda been her best friend. But it got so she wasn't worth a popcorn fart. Spent all her time bleachin' her hair, doin' her nails and boozing it up." I suddenly realized the old witch was a dyke Lelia had played for a fool.

"How long since she was killed?"

"Couple of months."

"What about her kid?"

A sorta wistful smirk briefly lifted the wrinkled flesh. "Ruthy's no kid. Little slut stole some of my jewelry and ran off with some trash before Lelia got killed."

"Where?"

She shrugged. "Eureka, maybe. Who knows? Who cares, for crissake? Just who the hell are ya, anyhow, to be askin' about her?"

"Ruthy's father."

"Lucky you!" she cackled. "Bitch's worse than her mother. Has the same rotten urges and then some." At this point she apparently found our conversation terminally boring, because abruptly the door slammed shut in my face.

• • •

Later that night — Backup napping with the trike, guarding it, while Marbles and I did a little half-hearted humping in a motel room — I snapped on the lamp, poured us each a generous shot of JD, and then twisted up a doobie. "I'm ready to shitcan the whole idea," I said wearily. "Give up the search."

"No" Marbles tone was emphatic. "You'll never have any peace until you finish this drill, Hop. Lelia's dead and gone, but you've still got the guilts about your little girl because you never went back while she was growin' up."

"Yeah? When did you get your fuckin' shrink's license, huh?"

"We've been together long enough for me to understand a **few** things about you, Hop."

Her expression turned earnest.

"We're not hurtin' for time or money, so we can afford to keep lookin', right?"

That was a fact, all right. At least once in my life I'd been in just the right place at just the right time, the end result being a nice, steady flow of cash coming my way every month from a well that didn't look like it would ever run dry. Hard to believe it had all begun with a four-day crap game, but then again, life itself is hard to believe sometimes. So, yeah, we could definitely afford to keep on searching for Ruthy and it was just as true that until I faced her, something I couldn't shake was gonna keep on eating away at me.

Snapping off the lamp, I rolled back across the sheets to Marbles' satiny warmth, busying my greedy mouth with her plump, firm melons until her nipples were rigid. She dissolved into writhing and indistinct sounds of pleasure. "Keep your damn hollerin' and shriekin' down to a low roar," I mumbled into her pussy. "Poor ol' Backup's right outside the window and I sure as hell don't wanna cause him to choke his 16-inch chicken all over that damn couch. Leaves unsightly stains.

• • •

Eureka produced a few scattered rumors regarding Ruthy, which led, in turn, to Crescent City. There we picked up some distinctly unsavory facts about the kid, even though she'd already moved on.

She was hustling, with two other ladies, outta some gaudy van — mostly working RV parks and towns with nearby military bases. All the descriptions of her were pretty much the same: a so-so blonde with a bad temper, who loved money nearly as much as she loved smack. Indications were that she'd departed the area in favor of Tucson, Arizona.

• • •

Two nights and three days later, Backup brought the trike to a halt alongside the right van. Which wasn't bad, considering that we'd only checked out three similar ones in a town that crawls with the fucking things. I hopped down from the couch, approached the van, and knocked firmly on its rear door. It opened a few inches, wide enough for a pimply face to poke outta the darkened interior. The guy eyed me distastefully. "Go away," he suggested.

"I will," I promised. "Soon as I've had me a little heart-to-heart with Ruthy Hopkins."

"She ain't here."

An automatic's barrel appeared in the open slot beneath the diseased face. "Move it, asshole. We're through talking."

I stepped aside to show him Backup lounging behind me, holding a bigger piece. "My friend here don't think shit of cremation," I said calmly, still smiling. "He feels dead meat should be thoroughly embalmed with lead."

The automatic's snout quivered.

"Since you're all by your itty-bitty lonesome in there," I continued, "you're probably willin' to take a chance that my friend's aim is good enough to miss your fuckin' gas tank. We'd all be depressed if you wound up fryin' inside that box."

The weapon vanished and the door swung open. A thin blonde, the spittin' image of Lelia, glared down at me. I pulled the sheaf of crisp new hundreds from my cutoff pocket, fanning them out. Some of the glare gave way to bewilderment — and greed.

"A solid grand for ten minutes' talk," I offered.

She clambered outta the van, shutting the door behind her.

"Guess I've gotten old and careless," I told Ruthy. "I shoulda realized there's just no such thing as a freelance whore. Your taste in

pimps is really disappointin', Ruthy. That slimebag is gonna get ya killed before your time." I handed her the cash.

"Who the fuck are you?" she hissed, white-knuckling the bills.

"I'm your father, God help me."

"You're shittin' me, right? This is really just some kinda bust, isn't it?"

I shook my head. "No bust. No shit. I'm your father. How old are you now, anyway?"

"Twenty-three — almost." She squinted at me. "Maybe I do see a resemblance."

"What resemblance? You look like your mother, not me."

"Well, my kid looks like **you**." She spit this news out on a flood of bitter laughter. "No shit, so you must be her gramps, all right."

"You. . .you've got a kid?" I stammered. That possibility had never entered my mind during all the years I'd searched for Lelia and this pathetic trollop.

"Yeah, five years old. Named Barbara Ann."

"Where?" I wanted it to sound casual, but her suddenly wary eyes told me I'd failed.

"No way, man." She smiled nastily. "She's in good hands. I don't spend **all** my money on junk.

Digging into some other pockets, I came up with a bunch of C-notes. "Seven grand for the address," I coaxed. "I just wanna look at her."

Nervously, Ruthy licked her lips. "You won't make any trouble? Won't screw up the deal I got with the straights who take care of her?"

"I wouldn't do anything to hurt my own granddaughter. And I'll add three grand to this amount the day I lay eyes on her."

"Okay," she blurted, grabbing the cash, "you got a deal!"

"Let's hear it," I urged.

Almost dreamily fondling the bills, she recited a street address in a place called Goodland, Kansas. I made her repeat it twice, checking it against what I'd scribbled.

"Well, I guess that doesn't leave us with much to say, does it?" I edged away from her a step or two.

"Only this," she replied coldly, "why the fuck did ya stay away all those years?"

I looked directly into her washed-out eyes. "How well did you know your mother, Ruthy?"

"Pretty damn well, mister."

"That's why." I took a deep breath. "I thought I might end up killin' her. But it's a different story with you and I really don't have any excuses."

"I like my life," she announced suddenly. "I don't need any stupid relatives and I damn sure don't want a father. Let's make this our first and last visit, okay, man?"

Somehow, that hard, gritty lump inside me vanished — all in a tenth of a second. I felt lighter, better than I had in years.

"A solid grand for ten minutes' talk," I offered. She clambered outta the van, shutting the door behind her.

"Just don't forget to send the rest of the money," she added, "and make it cash, okay?"

• • •

They were middled-aged straights, all right, and they were scared shitless. The fake government ID and phony documents, plus Marbles' stern expression, had convinced them that they were in a bad way with a minion of the law and a police matron in the bargain.

"Surrender the child and I'll do my best to make certain none of this ever reaches my superiors," she told them. "I'm sure you're anxious to see Barbara Ann settled with her grandparents now that her mother's no longer able to pay for her care."

Barby, small for her age and looking frightened, meekly accompanied Marbles out to the street, where I'd parked the rented sedan Backup had chosen for its resemblance to an unmarked police car.

"Well, Nana," I said to Marbles, from behind the cage's steering wheel, "time to take Barby to meet Uncle Backup."

"Great-uncle Backup, Gramps," she corrected me.

"Is he as nice as you?" Barby asked innocently, her dark eyes probing my face.

"Nobody, dear, is as nice as Gramps," Marbles told her, grinning at me with that incredibly demented loyalty that puts her on a level slightly above any bike ever made.

"Are you **really** my gramps?" Barby asked, wide-eyed.

"Every minute of the way from now on, darlin'," I replied. ■

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—from Klaes Palmgren, Solna, Sweden

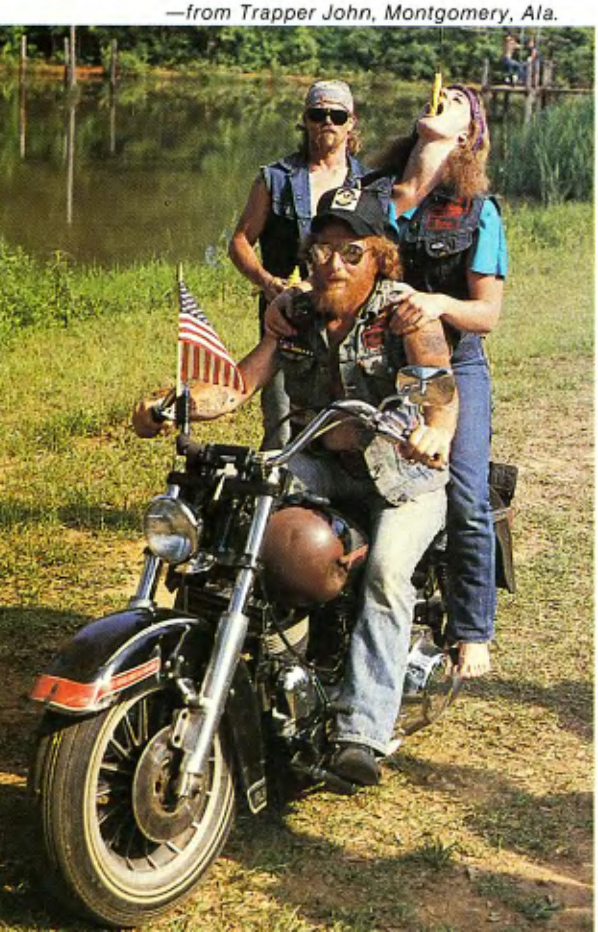
—from Wino Joe, U.S.A.

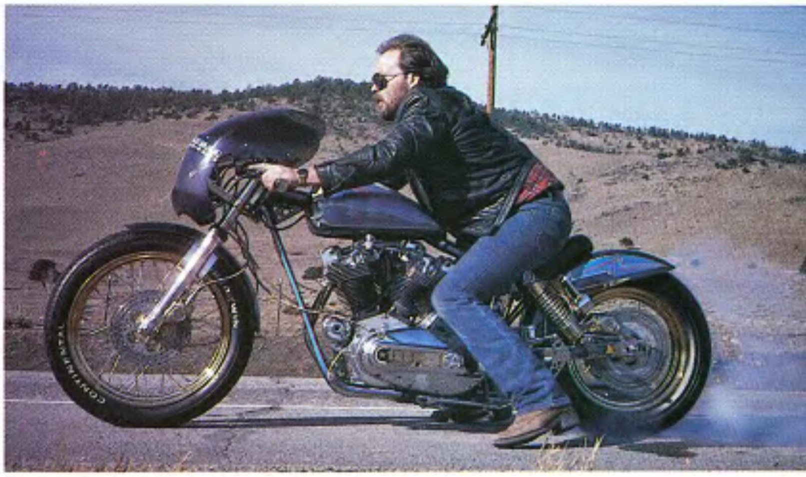
—from Don Brandt, Battle Creek, Mich.

—*from Gregg Daniel, San Fernando, Calif.*

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo we use and $35 for every color photo we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

—*from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.*





—*from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.*

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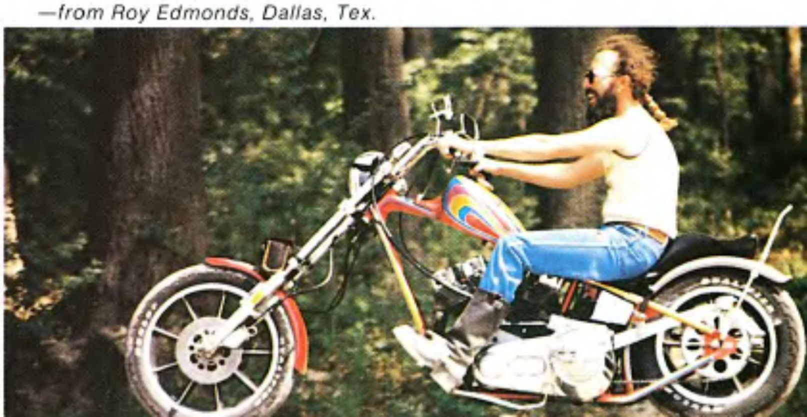

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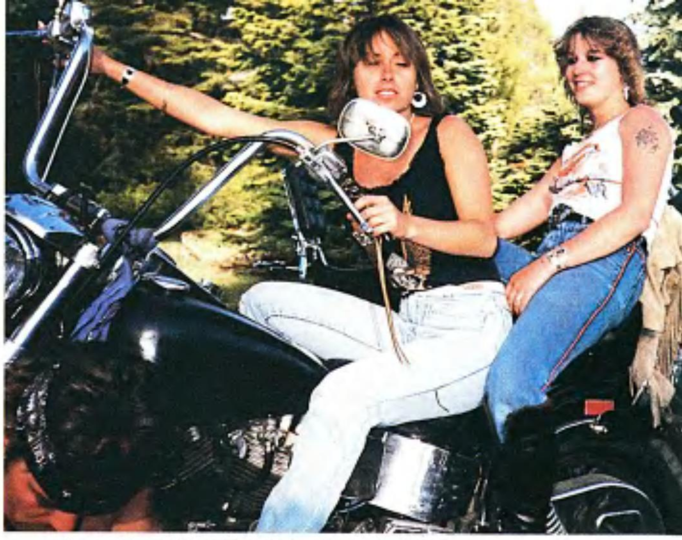

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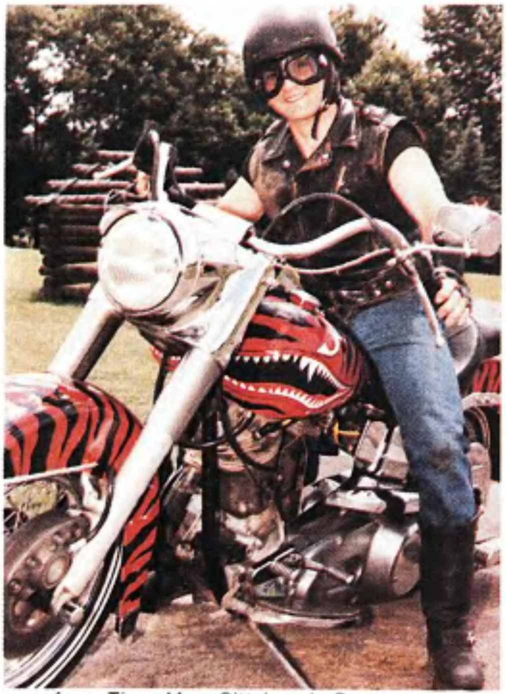

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—from Cyclops, Gilford, N.H.

—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

—from Gregg Daniel, So. Calif.

INTERVIEW

Vaughn Beals: Still Learning How To Deal

Photo by Pete Chiodo

It's a chance relatively few men ever get — the chance to either make or break history. For Vaughn Beals, back in 1981, making history would mean changing the newly independent Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Company from a stodgy Midwestern anachronism —with one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel — into a modern, profit-making industrial empire, willing and able to go toe-to-toe with awesome competitors from around the globe.

Breaking history, for Vaughn Beals, would have been far easier. The achievement would have consisted of simply driving the last nail into the coffin of the final U.S. company still practicing what was once a major American art form: the manufacture of large, powerful, ready-to-go-anywhere motorcycles.

Lots of people, maybe even a majority, in the industry figured that Vaughn and his associates would wind up — and not too far in the future, at that — breaking not making history. But then, lots of people don't know *Vaughn Beals — or his associates. Five years after Beals took the helm, Harley-Davidson is healthier than at any time since World War II, profits are back, market share is up, and the company's technology, both on the road and in the factory, is the envy of American industrialists, while its styling is the Holy Grail of Japanese designers. To say that Vaughn Beals is Lee Iaccoca on two wheels is to be too flattering to Iaccoca. A big transfusion of Uncle Sam's cash turned Chrysler around, whereas Beals and company saved Harley with private funds.*

Since the last time we interviewed Vaughn Beals [ER #141], a lot of miles have passed under the old V-Twin. The most significant event, however, occurred last July when Harley-Davidson became a publicly owned corporation, issuing 2,000,000 shares of common stock and $70,000,000 worth of bonds. Going public was momentous for several reasons, not the least of which was the fact that the success of the offering gave proof that Harley had indeed rounded the corner. No longer an endangered species, it had become an entrenched power. Three, even two years ago, the investment community would have laughed at the idea of Harley selling stock. Who buys stock in a moribund company? Nobody. In 1986, no one laughed. The stock sold above the $11-a-share offering price the day it came to market and it's remained above it ever since.

The second most important effect of going public was that it enabled H-D to generate working capital with which to expand both their current motorcycle line and their efforts in other businesses, such as defense contracting. On July 7, 1986, Harley-Davidson was in hock up to its ears and exceedingly cash-poor. On July 8, 1986, the securities went on sale and almost instantaneously Harley reduced its debt by $15,000 and *put $30,000,000 in the bank.*

We asked Vaughn Beals to tell us how it all happened and what it all means.

EASYRIDERS: Obviously you wouldn't have taken part in the buyout five years ago if you hadn't been pretty convinced that Harley-Davidson could be turned around. Did you foresee that it would come this far this fast?

VAUGHN BEALS: We thought it would come this far much faster. We really didn't anticipate the traumatic drop in volume [the first couple of years]. We didn't expect the industry drop, we didn't expect the market-share drop we experienced in the 1981-82 period.

Really, the nature of leveraged buyouts is that it is expected to be a kind of bridge financing — to use a common term for it. It's expected that a company will get permanent financing within a year or so of the initial purchase. The terrible problems we had made *that* terribly unrealistic.

We really didn't buy the company with the idea of taking it public, but it turned out that the opportunity was there to raise cash in that way and it was a much better opportunity than raising funds in other ways.

ER: Was getting over the hump pretty hairy?

VB: Things sure weren't boring for the last five years, but we'd kind of like to keep the excitement of the next five years all in the product-and-marketing department, not the financing end of things.

ER: It may not have been boring, but at least you survived.

VB: We not only survived what everyone generally thought to be the toughest economy in 50 years, we also survived what I think is the toughest competition any company could have.

Most important, we survived with a financial structure that was — to say it was highly leveraged would be a gross understatement. There wasn't much equity left under all that debt. The important thing is that we survived, and I think we've turned from survival to recovery as we've demonstrated our ability to take back market share from some pretty tough competitors. We've been able to increase our registrations in a market that's been declining pretty steadily for the last few years.

As a matter of fact, in the first five months of '86 our heavyweight registrations were up 17 percent, while the heavyweight registrations for our four Japanese competitors were down 15 percent in the aggregate.

I think we're the only motorcycle manufacturer in the world that's increased production this year. Every piece of data I've got shows that our four Japanese competitors have all cut their production this year.

ER: At your 1987-production introduction, you gave a speech in which you referred to a time back in the

early '80s when the company actually had negative cash flow and was occasionally overdrawn at the bank. How serious was that overdraft situation? What was the closest you ever came to going belly-up?
VB: I'll never tell. The overdrafts — that happened, but it was a daily practice. I'm talking a million, two million dollars out of $60-$70 million. One day it would be plus, one day it would be minus. That remark about the overdrafts was meant to be more lighthearted than serious.

It was no secret, though, that we didn't have the capital to run the company properly and it got fairly dicey from time to time, but we always managed to muddle through.
ER: There was never a moment when you said to yourself, "Shit, we may not make it after all"?
VB: You just put your head down and keep on blasting. If we'd have been quitters, we'd have quit lots of times. There are easier things to do.
ER: Is Harley really and truly on solid ground now?
VB: Concerns about the company's survival are totally behind us at this point. Having just raised $92,000,000 in the public markets, I can tell you that Harley has a new lease on life.

We're through the survival phase, we're well into the recovery phase, and we're going after the prosperity phase. We've had enough of this survival and recovery. We want to get on to a more prosperous environment.

And we've got a great start. The foundation for Harley's prosperity is well in place. Our product line has been redesigned from stem to stern in the last five years; a good part of it has been retooled.
ER: How has the stock been going?
VB: We're very pleased with the market's response to the stock. The advice we had from our investment banker, Dean Witter, was very good. They delivered not only what they said they would but more. Originally we'd planned to go out with a $50,000,000 bond issue and 1,430,000 shares of common stock. But as a result of about three weeks of going around the country — around the world, for that matter — briefing investors and potential investors about the stock, the demand far exceeded what we planned to put out. So we increased the issue of both [the bond and the stock issue] 40 percent — from $50 to $70 million in bonds and from 1,430,000 shares of stock to 2,000,000 shares of stock. We did both in tandem to keep the ratio of debt-to-equity the same.

The stock came out at the top of the price range. It had been estimated it would trade between $9 and $11 when the prospectus was first circulated. It was finally issued at $11 and it's never yet [as of August 1] traded below the initial price. The day it went to market there were two other issues put on sale — neither of them ever sold at the initial offering price, they sold below it. Ours traded up, and has traded up ever since. That's exactly what our investment bankers told us was the way we'd like to have it.
ER: What does all that refinancing mean to Harley-Davidson?
VB: First, and foremost, the $70,000,000 in debt that we raised is all fixed-interest debt — 12.5 percent. That's a little high, but that's because we're a small company and we're still fairly highly leveraged by General Motors' standards. But that's still all fixed-interest. The debt we had before was premium over prime. With the prime at 8 percent, that's not too bad. With a 20 percent prime, that's a disaster. We're totally insulated against that now.

The debt, the $70 million in bonds, is payable all in one lump sum ten years from now — 1996. There's no interim payments, whereas with our prior debt there was debt service [interest payments] on some of it on a daily basis and on the long-term stuff on a quarterly basis. So that $70 million is ours to use any way we see fit within the next decade.

Most importantly, it's all unsecured debt. We haven't pledged a single asset for it. It's all subordinated debt, which means we can add all kinds of debt on top of it if we wish.

That puts us in a much better position, but we did borrow $70 million and that $70 million has to be paid back. And that's a bundle of money. The difference is that today when we borrowed $70 million, over $30 million of that is cash in the bank. So while we owe 70, we've got 30 that's already in the bank available for immediate use. So really the net debt is less than $40 million. That contrasts to five years ago at this time when we owed the world $85 million and had zero cash.

It gets a little technical, but what it all means, in simple terms, is that today we own 1,250,000 square feet of plants in Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, we own all the machinery and equipment in those plants, all the office equipment, and that kind of stuff. And none of it is mortgaged to the banks anymore. The day before [the stock issue] everything was mortgaged to the banks. . .my stocks, I mean everything.

I can't prove it, but I think there's a 99 percent probability I'm right when I say we're the only motorcycle manufacturer whose assets aren't pledged to some degree.

You just put your head down and keep on blasting. If we'd have been quitters, we'd have quit lots of times. There are easier things to do.

ER: Are you referring just to pure motorcycle companies, or are you including companies that also make cars and other shit, like Honda?
VB: I betcha Honda's got a mortgage somewhere, though I'd still swap their balance sheet for mine, sight unseen.

The other important thing is that we have a lot of unused debt capacity. We've got 1,750,000 square feet of land. We could trundle down to the bank and borrow against that if it became necessary. We've got receivables and inventories and all the things we hocked before. So we've got a tremendous amount of further debt capacity and we still have a $45,000,000 line of credit we had before. We don't have to do anything to draw against that except call them up and tell them we want the money.

So we've got a lot of financial options. We've got cash, we've got debt capacity, and we've got a publicly traded stock. All together it puts us in an infinitely better situation than we were in before. I think Harley is on high financial ground now after living in the swamps for five years. It's much nicer up here.
ER: So you can kick back a little?
VB: That doesn't mean we can relax. Our competitors aren't going to let anybody relax. We haven't entered the era of corporate limos and corporate jets and all that kind of stuff. We still have to run it lean and

mean to survive.

What it *does* mean is that we've got capital available, debt capacity available, to run the business the way it should be run — which we haven't always had the ability to do in the past.

We also now have the resources to invest in new programs to either strengthen the motorcycle business or to broaden the business base.

ER: That's a good point. According to the prospectus that came out prior to the stock issue, your non-motorcycle business provided a relatively small percentage of the company's income but a substantial amount of the company's profits. Does this indicate that you'll be looking to expand the non-bike side of the company?

VB: The answer is both of the above. We expect to see the profitability of the motorcycle business improve, and because we're talking about a $240-$250 million business, a 1 percent improvement is a lot of money on the bottom line.

But we do want to expand the non-motorcycle business, as well — for two reasons. One, primarily, is that it provides jobs for our guys. There's a dilemma in improving your productivity if you don't have the opportunity for substantial volume growth. If we were making 35,000 units a year with X numbers of people, and next year we were making 40,000, and the year after that 45,000, we could probably say, "Well, we'll just hold the number of people we have." Unfortunately, if you're going to make 35,000 every year because that's all the market's good for, and you increase productivity, somebody has to go.

The contract business that we have in the York plant has been very helpful. We have 150-200 people there working on non-motorcycle products; otherwise, those people would be out the door.

At Milwaukee, we haven't had the benefit of those kinds of contracts, but we've made some proposals in an effort to generate some.

ER: Do you have some specific ideas on diversification? Do you intend to stick primarily to government contracts?

VB: We've done well with our defense business. Take the uniqueness of our production techniques. Against Japanese competitors they're not that unique, because we've been emulating them and we're not fully up to speed yet. Against the average defense contractor, we look like whiz-bang manufacturers.

We'd much prefer to find businesses where we're not beating our heads against the Japanese.

ER: You'd rather compete with somebody with the efficiency rating of, say, US Steel?

VB: Yeah, go pick on a wimp.

ER: Any downside to going public?

VB: One of the risks of going public is that somebody can take you over. You read about that every day in the paper. The officers of the company still own 53 percent. If you include the two founding shareholders [who are not currently with the company], Charlie Thompson being one of them, Dave Caruso the other, it's just under 65 percent. That gives us a comfortable margin of control.

ER: Specifically, what are you going to do with the money?

VB: Our first priority with the newfound wealth is to further improve our quality, productivity, and cost position. Our objective has been, and remains, to attain cost parity with our competitors. What that *doesn't* mean is that we desire to sell a Harley-Davidson for the same price as our competitors' products. We think they're worth more than that, frankly. We're in a premium product business and we intend to keep it that way.

What cost parity means to us is that if we both decided to make a Gold Wing or a Virago to the same design, we would expect to make it at the same cost. We don't plan to do that. The intent is that any difference in price between a Harley and the competition is because you get steel rather than plastic, or because you get bigger shafts rather than smaller shafts, or bigger gears, or because the bikes are more rebuildable. In other words, the price difference is in features and benefits that justify that premium. The dif-

"Mom said I could bring a friend home for dinner, so I brought yours."

ference is not the productivity of the employees, or machinery or equipment or something of that sort — we're well on-track in that direction. Our objective is to achieve cost parity by the end of the decade and I think that's quite reasonable.

Beyond that, there's a whole list of things we can do, a lot of opportunities available to us. Two of those, obviously, are the Nova and the Trihawk, which we've had to shelve for lack of capital in the past.

Our second objective is to figure out what we're going to do next. Early in September, the whole management group is going to go away for a week and sort out our priorities. Now we have the capital to do anything reasonable we want to do, but we can still only undertake one or two major projects at a time without getting ourselves screwed up. Our major project during the fourth quarter will be to sort out all our plans and decide which to go ahead with.

ER: What are the chances that all the brainstorming you're planning will result in massive changes?

VB: You won't see any sudden redirection at Harley. We believe in evo-

Continued on page 60

Turn the page and feast your bleary eyes on the result of pairing two outstanding talents, Dave Mann and Bob Seger.

From the beginning, the idea was a natural — we'd ask Dave, our celebrated illustrator and motorcycle Rembrandt, to try his hand at a pictorial impression of one of Seger's rock 'n' roll biking anthems. After some debate, the nod went to Seger's memorable scooter song, "Roll Me Away," from his best-selling 1982 album, "The Distance."

"Roll Me Away" recounts a story most all of us can relate to. Needing to get some perspective on his life, a biker goes for the obvious solution — the hum of tires on asphalt and the steady bark of a V-Twin. Hitting the highway to put some distance between himself and the familiar surroundings of his daily routines, he rides out of Mackinaw City, Michigan, and points the "big two-wheeler" toward a westbound road, the Continental Divide, and whatever experiences await him.

If you're fairly familiar with "Roll Me Away," you'll see that Dave didn't attempt an absolutely literal rendition of the tune's elements. What you're looking at is basically an "impression," Seger's music distilled through the scrambled tubing of Dave Mann's fertile brain. Highbrows call this sorta thing artistic license.

So don't get all bent because Dave took a couple of liberties with the song. We ran his card through R & I and everything checks out — his artistic license ain't due to expire till sometime in 1988.

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DavidMann
Easuriders Magazine

INTERVIEW

Continued from page 57

lutionary management [just as we] believe in evolutionary products. There won't be any splurges.

Frankly, I'm exceedingly optimistic about Harley's future. Our product is now totally redesigned, it's in place. Quality and reliability are up to snuff, costs are going in the right direction. Frankly, the market is coming our way and that's a nice feeling. It wasn't always coming our way — it was going the other way for a long time.

ER: What do you mean, the market's coming your way?

VB: A few years ago V-configuration engines were considered anachronisms. Now, fortunately, they're in vogue and over half of our competitors' unit-sales of heavyweight motorcycles consist of V-configuration bikes.

Everybody loves our styling. Our customers love it, but, unfortunately, our competitors love it, too. I think we're gaining respect daily, especially with tourer buyers. The heavyweight market is generally considered 700ccs and up, but I drop it a little below that to pick up all the tariff-busters.

We hit a low of 12.5 percent of the heavyweight market about four years ago; the first five months of this year shows us at 18.6 percent. That's a 50 percent increase and puts us in second place for the second year in a row. And that's despite the fact that we don't have 700s and 750s in our line.

ER: What do you think accounts for the renewed customer acceptance?

VB: We really believe that it's the combination of redesigned products and the improved quality and reliability of the bikes that's helped us increase our market share.

The other important thing [on our way to prosperity] is the fact that we have a very strong management group, one that's sure as hell been tested by fire or we wouldn't have gotten here. It's really this combination of product-quality improvements, productivity improvements, increased market share, and strong management that allowed us to refinance the company last December, six months before the original financing expired.

It was the accomplishments of our management team and employees that permitted us to capitalize upon the stock market.

ER: Would you call going public and raising all this money the most important thing you've done since taking over?

VB: Probably the most important thing we've accomplished in the last

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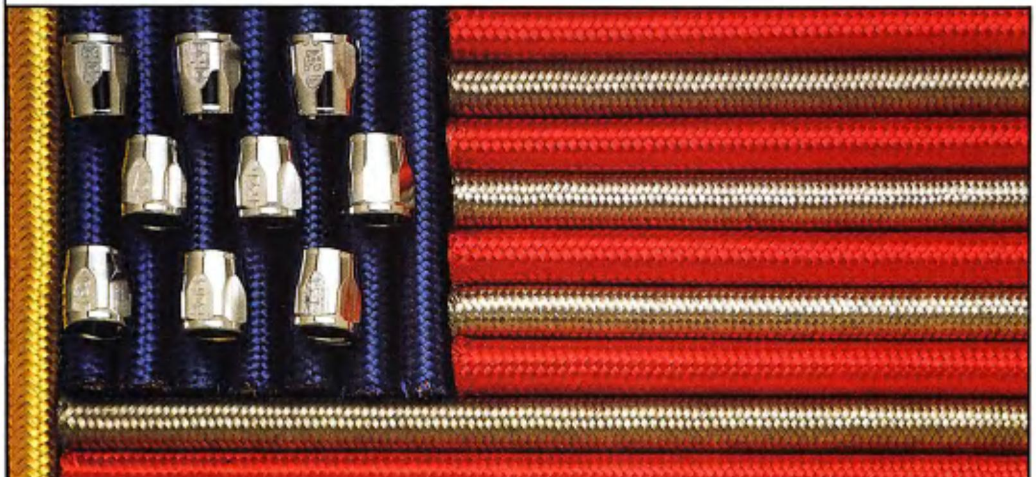

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couple of years is to improve our quality and our reliability. It is my belief today, judged by a lot of input from customers, dealers, competitive dealers, that Harley's quality and reliability are competitive in today's marketplace. That doesn't mean that we're satisified with it, it means that we're not behind the game like we may have been a few years ago.

ER: Speaking of "a few years ago," what do you think was behind that industry-wide downturn you mentioned earlier?

VB: You could write a book on that subject, and if you put it out as the gospel, you could sell it to everyone in the motorcycle industry.

Certainly the recession was a significant factor. The fact that there was a major, well-documented war going on between Yamaha and Honda, and they chose to fight it out with V-twins in Harley-lookalike territory didn't help any.

We've looked at several other perspectives to try to see where this thing [the industry] is going to go. We take comfort in some facts that can be turned up. One is that the number of bikes on the road hasn't changed a lot in the past decade. So the bikes are still out there and active. Second, if you break that decline into displacement categories, the over-750 figures are up substantially. We think those are reasons to be optimistic.

My personal feeling is that the major reason people turned away is resale value. A guy who bought an '81 Virago for 3000 bucks back then can still find a brand-new '82 or '83 carryover for half that price. His $3000 Virago is worth maybe five or six hundred bucks, if he's taken care of it. He may not realize that — until he goes in looking for a trade and finds he's got a perfectly good bike that's worthless.

He probably says, "I'll just ride it for a few more years." But one of two things is going to happen. Later on, in another couple of years, he's gonna need a set of tires, his motorcycle's gonna need some work, and they [Japanese bikes] are not notably cheap to fix. I think he's gonna say the hell with it and just buy a new motorcycle. One of the reasons for the big interest in Harley [over the past couple of years] is because with a Harley he can get a lot of his money back.

The other thing that happens is he says the heck with it, period — and just leaves the sport. I think that's been the major factor.

ER: What unique assets does Harley have to counter that type of situation?

VB: We have an outstanding group of dealers in place, the best group of dealers in the country. Sure, some of them could be improved, too, but man for man, dealer for dealer, we're in good shape.

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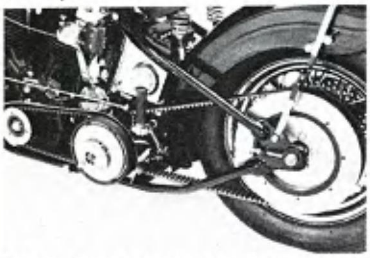

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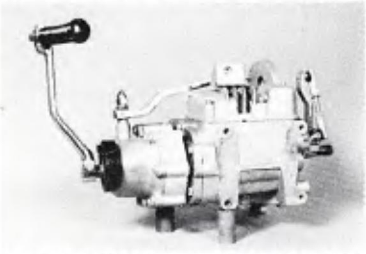

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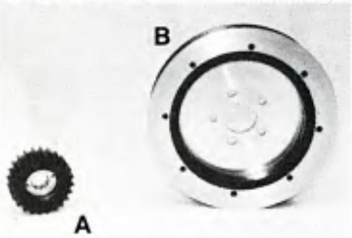

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very, very loyal group of employees. You see a lot of Harleys parked outside of those plants and offices. And that makes them care. The real piece that's been missing is the capital, and now that's in place. This is our third year of increased market share and we think some of the things we have planned for '87 — particularly the introduction of the Low Rider Custom — will keep us going in that direction.

ER: A large part of your career has been spent in engineering. Now that the company is on more secure financial footing, are you planning to devote more of your time and energy to technical rather than money matters?

VB: I've been here ten years now [originally as an executive with AMF] and for the first five — say, 1975 to 1980 — 90 percent of my time was spent on product engineering. Just trying to get the products to where we wanted them. Finding engineers, getting them equipped, trying to play styling games. Trying to generate interest in the product line and bring it into the 20th century.

The next five years, '80-'85, really have been focused on manufacturing. Around the time we bought the company we finally understood what it took to be quality- and cost-effective and got on course to do that. That's now got its own momentum.

Financing was a kind of distraction for a fairly long period of time, but that's behind us. The real focus now is marketing. We've got the product line, we've got the quality, we've got the cost coming in the right direction. Now it's a matter of "Can we sell it?"

We're fortunate in having a good dealer network to start with. Their profit has come back and should be up again this year. But we think there's a lot of further marketing improvements possible. We've got these great products, but everybody thinks they're shakers and leakers. We really need to get the message across. Unfortunately, they all look like the shakers and leakers. A guy looks at a bike and he thinks it looks like a '77 FLH, therefore it must be the same. It's not, it's a totally different motorcycle.

The most intense effort of the past year or two has been in marketing — the Super Ride, getting the H.O.G. group started, all that kind of strategy. We also beefed up our sales force by 50 percent back in early '85.

ER: A number of your top-of-the-line models are inching into the five-figure bracket. Do you think crossing that line will hurt sales?

VB: I don't think so. I'd love to have them substantially below that. Personally, I still have trouble getting my mind to accept $20,000 cars. That used to be the price of a house when I was starting out — a fairly decent one.

ER: Have you scheduled your first stockholders meeting yet?

VB: No, that won't be until next spring sometime.

ER: Are you expecting a lot of Harley riders, who bought one share to hang on the wall, to attend?

VB: I hope so.

ER: You know they'll be after you to explain why their primary chains wore out and things like that.

VB: It's a real pleasure to spend time with them. I was at a H.O.G. rally in Michigan recently and it was really a pleasure. Some guy came up to me and said, "I've got a real problem." Here it comes, I said to myself. "You know," he said, "I like to wrench, and there's nothing to wrench on the damn cycle. For years you wouldn't give me a damn tool kit with my motorcycle; now you give me a tool kit and there's nothing to do with it." That's about the worst complaint I had.

ER: You've accomplished a hell of a lot so far and you obviously have some big plans for the future. What's your next immediate step?

VB: That's an important thing. I'm scheduled to go get taught how to be a "21" dealer. We've got a big dealers' meeting coming up and I'm supposed to be one of the dealers at a "casino night." ■

Puzzle Solution

Puzzle on page 64

R	E	Z	T	L	E	S	A	K	L	A	B	C	S	Q	U	A	S	H
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B	E	L	D	L	E	R	U	D	C	A	K	S	M	E	W	S	V	A
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W	E	N	T	V	A	L	T	M	A	E	M	S	L	U	D	V	C	T
H	O	B	E	G	T	F	A	U	B	T	E	D	I	R	G	E	S	H
R	A	N	F	L	F	Y	E	K	R	U	T	U	P	N	O	T	R	U
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O	R	N	V	P	U	M	P	K	I	N	P	I	E	D	P	H	E	L

Asstrology

By Dusty Sage

Astrological Profile For Scorpio

Scorpio, the sign of sex and getting even! Scorpio is heavy-duty in both departments. They're not opposed to physical retaliation (knuckle sandwich) or pulling a train twice in one day.

Scorpio isn't lacking in active brain cells either. Scorpios have a neat way of putting their minds on "cruise control" and going about their everyday bullshit. So never underestimate a Scorpio's mind even when it's bogged down by a big bulge about to burst.

Scorpios are secretive and don't share their personal thoughts. (They're stingy and keep all the juicy shit to themselves.)

Scorpios have gigantic willpower, most have magnetic eyes and perpetual hardons. (Their dicks are so hard it makes their eyes bulge.) They're disgustingly healthy. Because they're both nosy and sneaky, they take advantage of us other blabbermouths of the zodiac. They never smell and tell, but they do keep inventory on who does. They also have phenomenal memories.

Some famous past and present Scorpios are: Richard Burton, Henry (The Fonz) Winkler, Charles Atlas, Michael Landon, Grace Slick, and King Kong.

Scorpios are subject to fungus of the foreskin, drippy dicks, pimples of the poopchute, and athletic supporter wear-out. Some have to shit every time they sneeze and vice versa.

Even though Scorpio is a suspicious hardass who would rather fight and fuck, they do have their positive traits. (The problem is they seldom show 'em.) The best kept secret about Scorpio is their uncanny sixth sense of knowing something is wrong and their ability to follow the right hunches.

Don't let all the heavy Scorpio traits scare ya off. They also have a soft side they keep for tight partners, ol' ladies, rugrats, and even puddy-tats and pooches. If you want to stay in Scorpio's favor, shine on that you know he's not all hardass.

November Forecast

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
New beginnings now could easily catapult your ass into future security. If you've been fingering with recent ideas, scams, investments, etc., time to go full-bore. The results will be mind-boggling. A big boost in job status is an added goodie this month. Get off your gonads and get going for those rewarding results!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
Jaw-flopping, fist-shaking, and general tantrum-throwing will only impede progress now. Instead, use your best manners and be sneaky. Don't let 'em know you're gonna get 'em till you've got 'em. Save your straightforward give-'em-the-shaft for between the sheets. A certain someone deserves to be fucked over — and you know "who."

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
Your golden tongue is losing its luster this month, especially mid-month when you have to brainstorm to wiggle out of some heavy-duty shit. Best use the buddy system before your rivals pick up the scent and you have to be bailed out. Remember, two heads are better than one and keep a good lawyer's number handy.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
You're on the right track but you're going the wrong way. Time for a fresh approach to an old situation. Try something totally new. A hunch is profitable and could provide you with financial side effects. Otherwise, sack-time is worth going back for sloppy seconds (thirds?). Lots of chances to keep your dipstick lubricated.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
This month is a hard pile to swallow without the help of enough booze to give an elephant diarrhea, enough pussy to put a rash on your crank, enough smokes to signal a lost tribe of fuck-offshe Indians, a case of ass-wipe, and a raid on your ol' lady's menstrual medication. Otherwise, it's your usual "what-the-fuck-happened" time.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
Giving your usual opinion could backfire this month and even cost your ass a few bucks. If you start giving directions, best leave yourself room to turn around 'cause you may not be able to back out. If you can't control your mouth, at least compromise. Otherwise, I hope you like the taste of both your boots between your teeth.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
You're so damned bored now that passing gas and premature ejaculation can be a treat. You can't seem to find anything better than your two hands to sleep with and you need a few warts to break the monotony. Even tickets to a snail race would be exciting at this point. What the hell, it's time to get loose, get drunk and mostly, get fucked!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
Happy birthday, you horny fuckers! Point your prong at some heavy-duty party time and don't snag your foreskin. Money is loose, but pussy is tight and partners are willing to front ya some bread and even throw in a few free crumbs. (One word of advice: Stay away from the dude with a rubber dick on his nose and a weird grin on his face.) Enjoy yourself.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
Don't let on-the-job pressure get blown outta proportion and you'll be home free. Your influence with VIPs is on the upgrade if you use a laid-back approach. (Try starting out in first gear for a change.) Keep yourself available but don't get bogged down with too many obligations. Put your best foot forward and you'll step into someone else's shoes.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
It's playtime again, but not for your ass. If you wanna play now, you'll pay later. Don't let partners tempt you into sloughing off or you'll regret it. Get your act together and take care of the biz that has backed up on ya. You'll have plenty of time to grab your cock and crow next month. Get assistance from your ol' lady, rugrats, even your mutt.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
Fine-tune your tongue to settle any disputes at home base and feuds will fizzle out in your favor. Then screw till you soak your socks. (That'll put you in the driver's seat.) Relax and spoil yourself — have breakfast in bed (unless your ol' lady's on the rag, then best go out for breakfast in bed). Ignore minor mind-fucks and keep it mellow.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
This month can be highly creative. So if you're thinking of doing some cosmetic changes on your scoot, it's prime time. Ideas you've previously mulled over will now flow free and come together. Tank art, frame sculpture, and anything pertaining to showcasing your engine is your niche now.

TURKEY TALK

By P. Winblatt

Here ya are with the briefest day of the year creepin' up on ya and what have ya got to show for it? Plenty of dark hours to contemplate the cheapest way of keepin'; the driveway plowed out, where ya last saw your longjohns, and how ya should have gotten six cords of firewood instead of only two. Still, there are compensations to late autumn and one of 'em, in case you've been too immersed in your seasonal funk to notice, is just ahead: Thanksgiving.

Inspired by the customs of their Native American neighbors, our otherwise rather cheerless forefathers found some justification in partying down after their first meager harvest, including breaking bread with the folks whose land they'd so recently invaded. Naturally, much has changed over the years in the way the holiday is celebrated. Thus, in the word search puzzle below you'll find words currently associated with Thanksgiving that were unknown to its first celebrants, as well as some that are a direct legacy from them.

The hidden words may read up, down, diagonally, forward, backward, you name it — any and every way that's in a straight line. And, of course, some words overlap. Okay, troops, you've got your assignment. First one to get it done right is reprieved from kitchen clean-up duty; check page 62 for solution.

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R E Z T L E S A K L A B C S Q U A S H
D E G F B L E S S I N G S R G H I J O
K P L G A P X N E G O K Q E T A W R S
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V O B S T O M A C H A C H E A H I U L
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O R N V P U M P K I N P I E D P H E L
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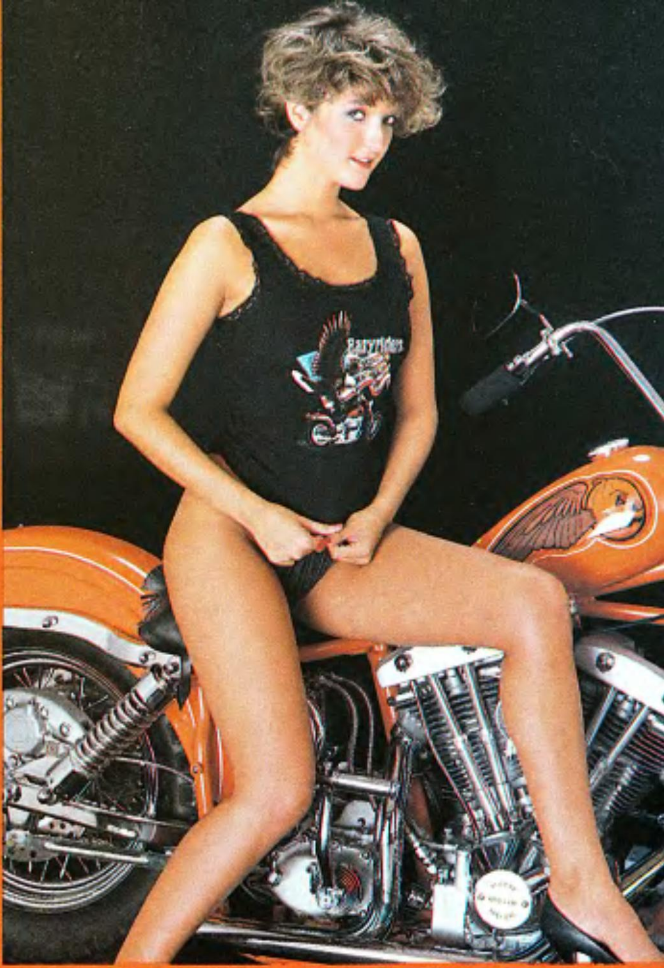
CRANBERRIES	**STOMACHACHE**
MAYFLOWER	**YAMS**
EGGNOG	**FAMILY FEUDS**
INDIANS	**LEFTOVERS**
TURKEY	**PUMPKIN PIE**
TOBACCO	**ALKA SELTZER**
PILGRIMS	**DRESSING**
FOOTBALL	**CIDER**
GUESTS	**SQUASH**
CORN	**DRUMSTICKS**
POTATOES	**BLESSINGS**
TV	**OVEN**
PARADES	**DISHWASHER**

WITCHY WOMAN

Halloween is supposed to lead into All Saint's Day, but Ronnie would rather be out committing a few little sins.

Did ya ever see someone try to carve tits on a pumpkin? No? Well, ya don't know Bomber. "We're really gonna decorate this dump for Halloween," he announced and began hackin' away at a poor pumpkin in an effort to produce the world's first jackoff-o'-lantern. "Hey, this orange slime feels great. What a lubricunt," he mused.

Ronnie, the little she-devil pictured here, got right into his act. She

Easyriders

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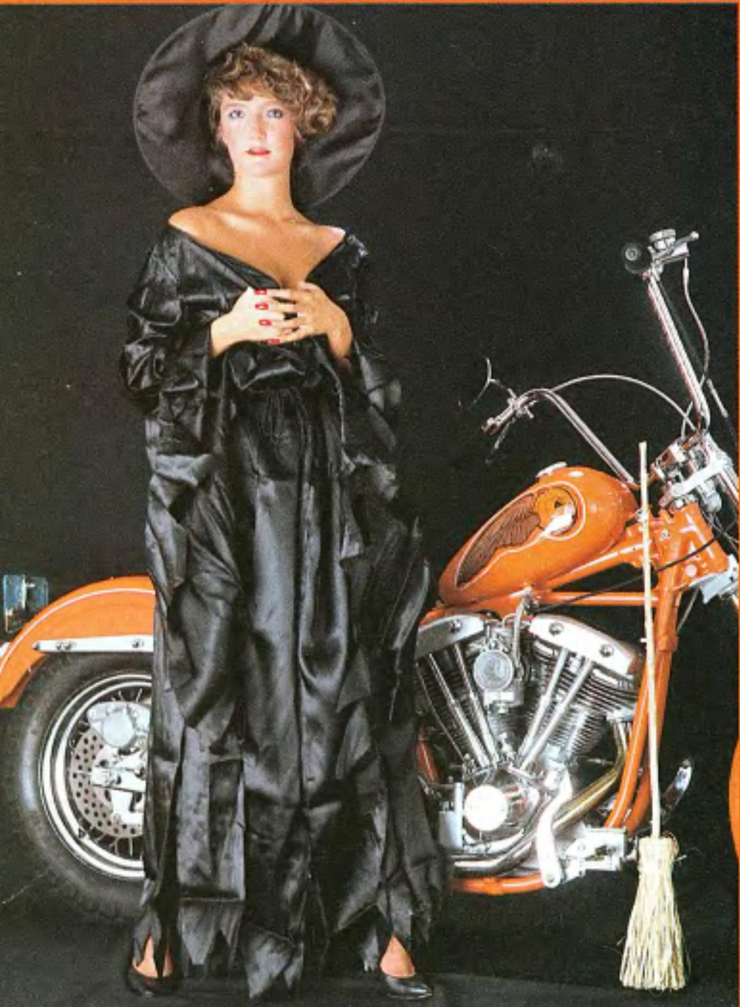


ground away on the pumpkin's guts and used it as an aid in lopin' Bomber's meat before dressin' up as a bitch-witch for the scheduled shoot. How do ya shoot a witch? Obviously, ya shoot her ridin' a broomstick. And ya wouldn't believe how many dudes volunteered theirs for Ronnie to ride.

Finally Spider had to intervene. "None of ya are gonna get this treat," he pronounced. "Ronnie will be shot riding a bike, just like all the other chicks. However, since she's a Halloween witch. . .one of ya assholes go down to the garage and get Wrench's new scoot. I'll teach him to call in and say he's workin' at home.

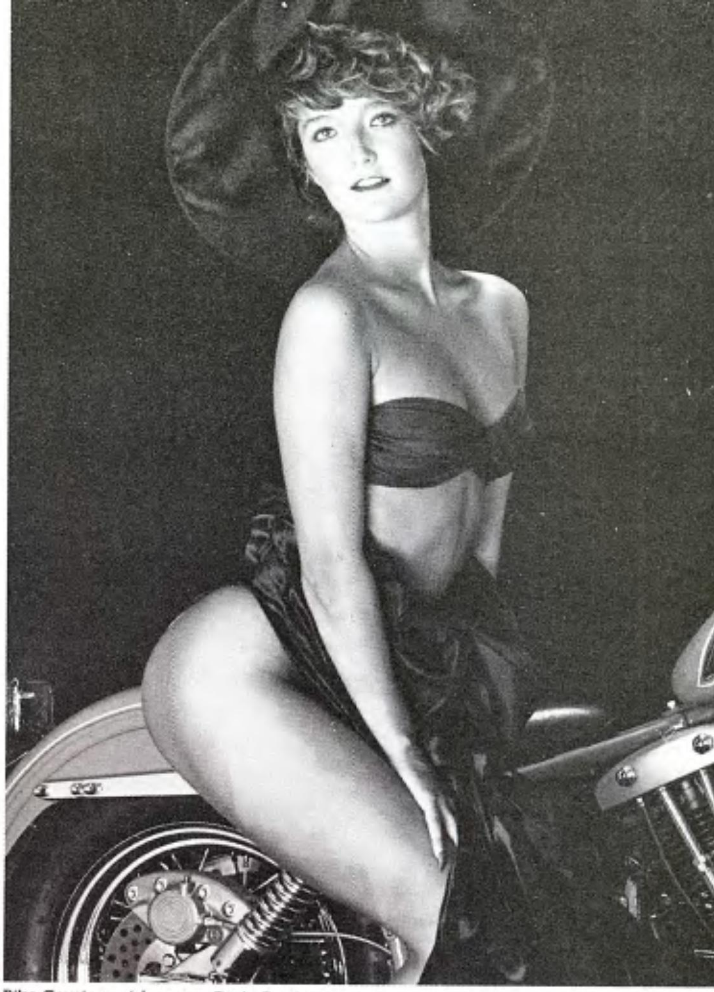
"Now, somebody else go out and get some orange paint — you know, the real bright shit them old ladies at school crossings wear. Then once we get the paint, we'll. . ."

—Jose and Hose B

Photos by Pete Chiodo

more photos next page

Motorcycle courtesy of Jammer Cycle Products



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Two-Wheel Tale

KANSAS

The hot water stung her hands as she scrubbed the bottom of the greasy pan. It was the dishwashing that Mrs. Kansas despised the most. The pain of her arthritis added to the foul mood that she was in after yelling at Regina all day.

She just couldn't seem to get through to her daughter anymore. Everytime she tried to strike up a decent conversation with her, Regina would simply smile and talk about Spike and his glorious panhead. She was totally oblivious to everything else.

I've got to get it through Regina's thick skull, Mrs. Kansas thought, *that Spike and his bike are gone. Forever.* But the words just flashed through her head. She really didn't have the guts to tell her daughter that Spike was dead. *How do I tell her? Am I being too cold? Should I just leave her believing that her husband is still alive?*

The old lady swallowed back her tears as she dried the dishes. Sighing, she decided that shock therapy was the only way to do it. Just tell Regina, point blank, that Spike was gone and would never return.

Regina and Spike had been on their way to a swap meet when a cager ate them alive — just two days after they'd gotten married. The old lady remembered how excited Regina had been. It was the first time Spike had ever taken her along on a run and she acted just like a child on Christmas morning. That had been three months ago. And Regina, well. . .she still thought Spike was alive.

Mrs. Kansas put the clean dishes away and sat down at the kitchen table. She lit a cigarette as she tried to piece the right words together, but her attempts to write a speech in her head were to no avail. After three smokes, she dragged her frail body from the hardwood chair and reached over the kitchen counter to

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switch on the lights for the garage.

Quietly she opened the back door to take a look outside. There, next to her new Sporty, was Regina. Mrs. Kansas examined her daughter's appearance. Regina was a beautiful woman now. Much like Mrs. Kansas had been when she was young. The old lady smiled as she thought of how it seemed like only yesterday that Regina still wore pigtails and bobby sox.

Mrs. Kansas sighed heavily then and was about to close the door when she suddenly heard Regina mumbling. "Spike, honey, are we going on the toy run next week? We really should. I mean, it *is* for the kids. Jake and Tammy are going. Let's go, please?"

No reply.

Mrs. Kansas cocked her head, listening intently.

"But, honey, you promised!" Regina whined.

Mrs. Kansas couldn't take it anymore; hearing her daughter talk to the wall was just too much. She closed the door and trudged to the living room. Laying down on the couch she began softly repeating to herself, "Lord, I love her, but how can I make her understand? How can I make her see that Spike is gone?"

The words echoed into her dreams as the old lady drifted off to sleep.

* * *

It was almost three in the morning when Mr. Kansas finally arrived home from work. Yawning, the old man pulled up into the driveway and stopped the car. Then he noticed that the lights were on in the garage. With sudden anger, he bolted from the car and stomped into the house.

Mrs. Kansas woke at the sound of his heavy footsteps.

"What the hell are the damn garage lights on for at this hour of the morning?" he yelled.

Quickly, the old lady rose. "Regina's working on the bike, honey. Please don't be angry with her."

A wave of fury swept over Mr. Kansas. He was pissed — Mrs. Kansas saw it all over his face. Then, as quickly as it came, his anger vanished. A gentle smile appeared, reflecting compassion and understanding. Quietly, Mr. Kansas sat down and with a sigh, bowed his head as if to say a silent prayer.

Lord, he thought, *I love her. But how can I make her understand? How can I make her see that Regina and Spike are gone?* ■

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READERS' RIDES

Ya gotta give credit where credit's due and for sure, today's Big Name builders have earned the attention they get — otherwise they wouldn't be Big Names. But those guys don't have a monopoly on the art of turnin' out great-lookin' stuff. Some of the most righteous customized bikes we've seen have been put together by dudes workin' alone who've had to scrounge parts, build in their spare time, and squirrel away nickels and dimes until they added up to some hefty long green. The end results always have one thing in common — they're rides worth lookin' at. Scope out this month's Readers' Ride. Yep, it's another case of credit bein' due.

Daryl Fraser, Fresno, California
1946 Harley-Davidson knucklehead

Daryl is from Scream City — aka Fresno — so-called by the locals because of the area's high murder rate. When we caught up to him he was coolin' down with a cold shower, tryin' to escape the 102-degree heat.

With knuckles there are always the accompanying head trips. In the case of this one, they started the moment Daryl bought it. That was out on a lonely road at midnight (no shit) where he met the dude who hauled it over from Santa Cruz. Notice the word "hauled"? Yep, it wouldn't start. But that didn't deter Daryl.

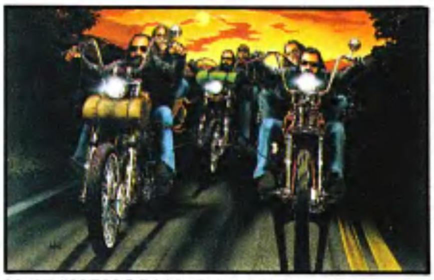
With help from Ziggy and The Frog in Fresno he's got it goin' good. Making runs around the state as a loner, refusing to join any clubs, as he says, "I don't belong to anything. Heaven wouldn't have me and hell's afraid I'd take over." Good luck anyway, Daryl.

—Ram Pan

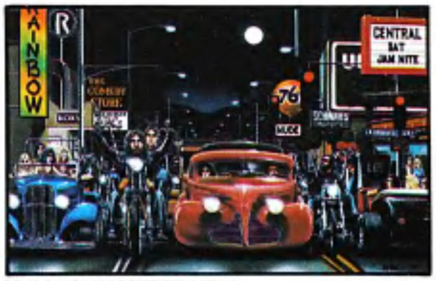
Photos by Pete Chiodo

M-19 "GOIN' HOME"

She waits faithfully while you party — and never bitches. You leave a bar with a split lip — she asks no questions. Always there, forever ready to take it on home . . . a man's *real* best friend is his Harley. Dave Mann illustrates it all in his latest giant-sized poster.



M-17 "MEMORIAL DAY RUN"



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."

M-18 "AFTER THE DONKEY SHOW"

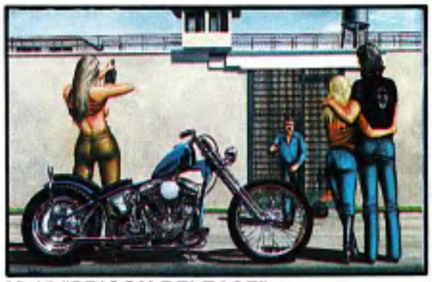
M-8 "COMIN' AT YA"

M-16 "GHOSTRIDER"

M-7 "RUN HEAT"

M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"

M-2 "FREEDOM OF THE ROAD"



M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"

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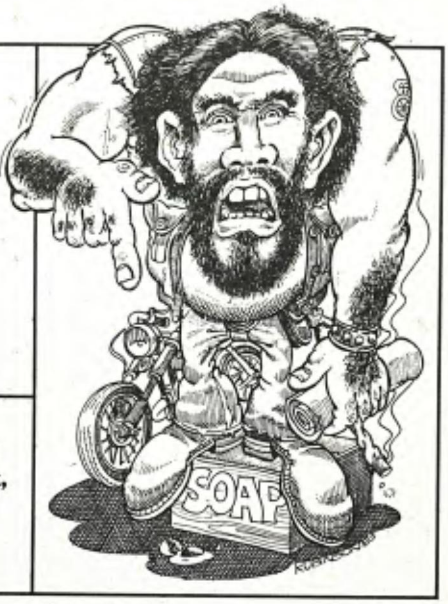


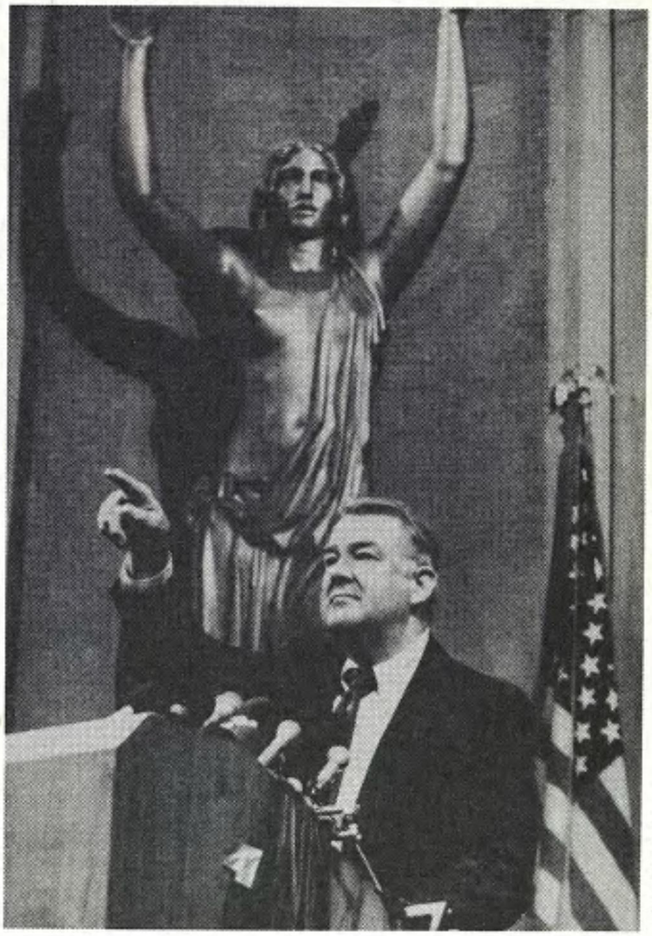
Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

The Meese Report: Saddle Up and Ride

In a scene worth of "Saturday Night Live" at its finest, the attorney general of the United States, Edwin Meese, recently released a 2000-page report that, among others things, called for the resurrection of America's infamous night-riders, vigilante committees designed to run dangerous criminals out of town — due process be damned.

Posturing in front of a bare-breasted statue called the Spirit of Justice, Meese informed reporters of a crime wave so high and mighty that the personal intervention of every American would be necessary to break it and make our streets and homes safe again. The magnitude of the threat, Meese indicated, more than justified his call for the vigilantes to rise again.

OK, maybe he's right. Under the Meese-Reagan law-and-order administration, 80-year-old women are having their eyeballs gouged out during nickel-and-dime robberies, one in four American homes is burglarizd every year, and people attempting to quash a headache with pain pills may wind up being permanently — and rather drastically — cured. Beatings, killings, kidnappings, and poisonings are so common they no longer even make the first section of some newspapers. America



Wide World Photo

Ed Meese and The Spirit of Justice. Is she throwing her arms up in despair or praying for deliverance?

the beautiful has become America the bloody. Perhaps the attorney general is right to throw up his hands, admit he can't deal with the situation and shout the ancient emergency cry "Every man for himself."

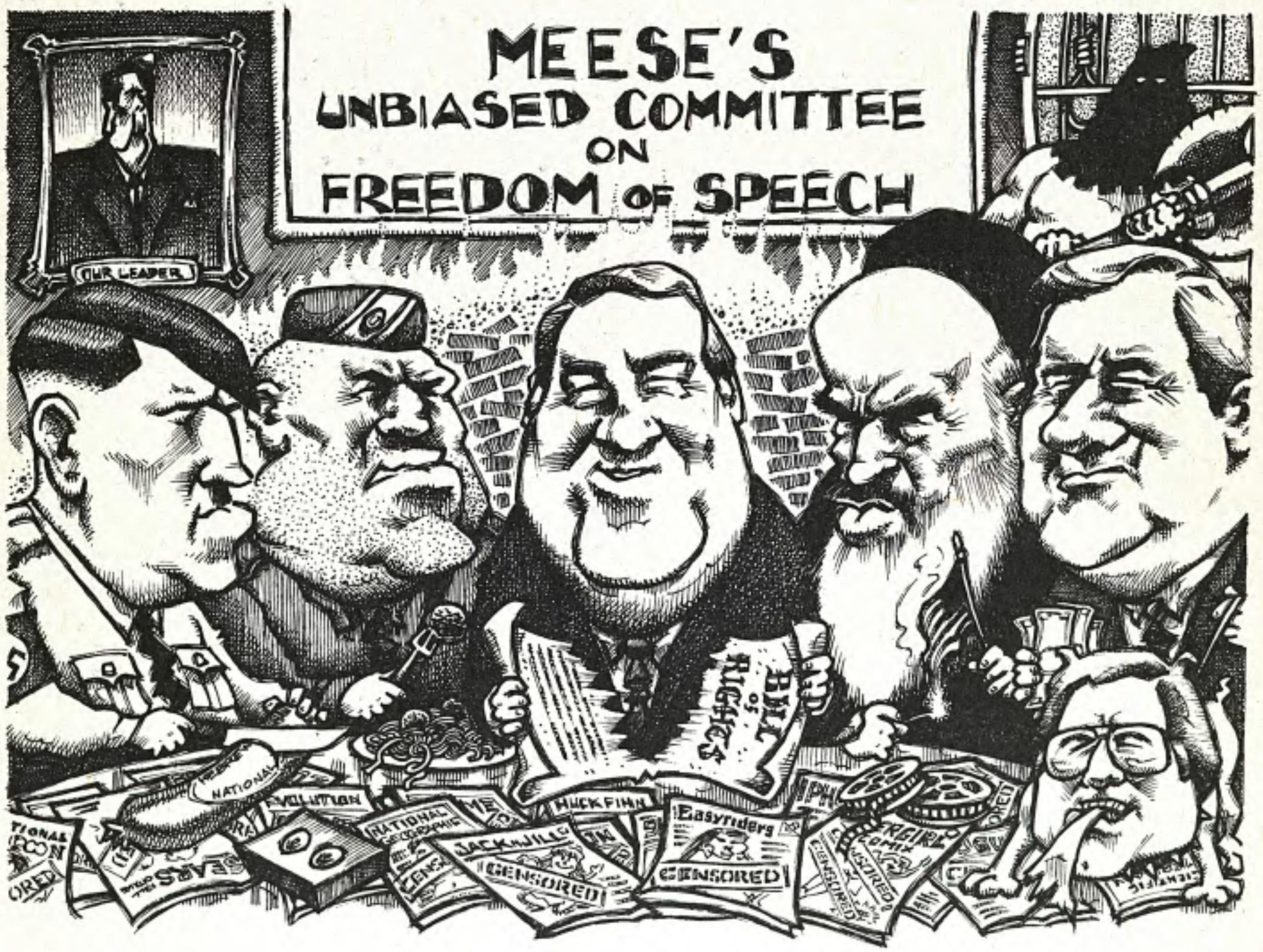
But Edwin Meese wasn't talking about raising the vigilantes to combat the rapists and the muggers, the murderers and the baby stealers. Lord no, those things aren't important. Ed Meese has a much bigger target for us to go nightriding after. "Aha," you say, "it must be the Russians." Sorry, Charlie, it's not the Russians. It's not the jolly jokers who spike Tylenol with cyanide. It's not even what Sherlock Holmes used to call a "Napoleon of crime."

On the contrary, what Edwin Meese, standing in Washington, D.C., surrounded by an urban jungle where people are killed for the price of a quart of Thunderbird, Edwin Meese, Attorney General Edwin Meese, wants us to grab up torches and go out and slay — are you ready for this — "DIRTY PICTURES."

"Dirty pictures." Hitler had the Jews. Stalin had the landowners. Nero had the Christians. Throughout history every ineffectual, irresponsible tyrant has created scapegoats to blame for his failures, but never before has anyone had the balls to come up with as ridiculous a scapegoat as "dirty pictures." Ed Meese, you deserve a medal for this con game and, sometime between now and Reagan's retirement, you'll probably get one.

Just one thing. Do me a favor and lock it safely away in a vault — don't under any circumstances wear it out in public. I wouldn't want some punk to knock you down and rip it off while all of your horses and all of your men were busy burning "dirty pictures" again.

—Trampo



SIGN UP OR ELSE

If you've been reading the past couple of issues you know that we've been trying to warn you that your First Amendment rights to read and think what you want are under heavy attack from anti-American fanatics both in and out of the government.

Finally, people are beginning to wake up and realize that censorship brought about by blackmailing magazine dealers is as evil and illegal as censorship by government edict.

One group which is taking this threat seriously and organizing a national response to it is the Media Coalition, Inc., 425 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Reproduced below is one of their petitions. If you believe in America, if you want us to remain the land of the free, get your bros and sisters, aunts and uncles, friends and enemies, anyone and everyone to sign it. Send completed petitions to the coalition at the above address. And, oh, yeah, don't forget to sign it yourself.

I WANT TO PRESERVE MY FREEDOM OF CHOICE!

As an adult, I feel one of the great things about America is that I have the freedom and the right to choose what to read or view in the privacy of my home. Since I am over the age of consent, I'd like to be treated as such. NO GROUP standing alone has the right to determine what is right or moral for me.

I very much resent the efforts of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography, under the auspices of the United States Justice Department, to pressure members of the business community and the public in a manner reminiscent of the McCarthy Era.

I endorse the actions of those stores who stand up to the pressures of the censors to ensure my freedom of choice.

	NAME	STREET ADDRESS	CITY/STATE	ZIP CODE
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PLEASE RETURN TO MEDIA COALITION, INC. 425 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10022

Bikers Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Bikers Bulletin Board," seen by more than 1,500,000 readers every month, let us hear about it! Six-month listings are availabe for $180. Or, for $300, you can be listed for a full year — that's only $25 per month! NEED MORE INFORMATION? Contact "Bikers Bulletin Board," (818) 889-8740.

ALLOY POLISHING

Jet Cycles, 10475 Irma Dr., Northglenn, CO 80233. (303) 452-8671 (164)

ALL SERVICES

Conger's H-D, 1905 E. 4th St., Pueblo CO 81001. (303) 542-6032. (166)

ALUMINUM CYLINDERS

Poole Cycle Parts, 4801 Peachtree, Balch Springs, TX 75180. (214) 286-5351. (161)

ANODIZED & ENGRAVED PARTS

Sumax, $10 for catalog, T-shirt, and $5 gift cert. 7091 South St., Westmoreland, NY 13490. (315) 853-5623. (163)

ANTIQUE CYCLES

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Call or write for H-D catalog. (616) 636-8200. (167)

Bob's Cycle Supply, large catalog, only $3. Parts shipped UPS/C.O.D. 4138 E. University, Phoenix, AZ 85034. (602) 437-0829. (169)

Cycle Parts Emporium, Box 281086, Memphis, TN 38128. Call or write for H-D parts catalog. (901) 353-0601. (165)

BELT DRIVES

Super Max Belt Drives, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. (165)

Also: **M.C. Fabrications,** 714 Broadway, Rockford, IL 61108. (815) 964-5260. (166)

Conley's H-D of Dallas, 11702 Plano Rd., Dallas, TX 75243. (214) 348-5653. (166)

Rolling Thunder Cycle, 520 First St., La Salle, IL 61301. (815) 224-4474. (166)

Kokesh Motor Cycle Accessories, 4018 Central Ave. NE, Minneapolis, MN 55421. (612) 781-4324. (169)

Primo Products, Inc., 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606. (213) 692-8944. (166)

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

British Cycle Supply Company, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada BOP 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (170)

CARBURETORS

Rivera Engineering, Inc., home of the SU "Eliminator." 6416 Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606. (213) 693-4273. (166)

CATALOGS

Piggy Malone's, $1. Box 10073, Berkeley, CA 94709. (415) 843-7777. (161)

H-D 45" Restoration Co., $2. Box 12843, Albany, NY 12212. (518) 459-5012. We ship C.O.D. (166)

Brodeur's Wheel Service, $2 (refundable). 777 S. Washington St., No. Attleboro, MA 02760. (617) 699-2148. (166)

HM Parts & Accessories, $1 (refundable). Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875. (169)

Jammer's Parts-Only Catalog (250+ pages) & T-shirt, $9.95. 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355. (161)

Headways, Inc., Dept. A, $1. Box 1167, Bronx, NY 10471. (162)

CRANKCASES

House Of Horsepower, 7811 Alabama Ave. #3, Canoga Park, CA 91304. (818) 348-8359. (162)

CYLINDERS

Axtell Sales Cylinders & Pistons, 1424 S.E. Maury, Des Moines, IA 50317. (515) 243-2518. (162)

EXHAUST PIPES

Perma-Stainless Steel Pipes, Inc., Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 459-1692. (161)

FORKS

Forking By Frank (Frank's Maint. & Eng. Inc.), 945 Pitner, Evanston, IL 60202. (312) 475-1003. (161)

FRAMES

Texas Frame Works, frame building & repairing. 8808 Cullen Ln., Austin, TX 78748. (512) 282-2499. (165)

FLYWHEELS

RoKil Engineering Co. Self-balancing. 3150 S. 44th St., Kansas City, KS 66106. (161)

HARD VALVE SEATS

Dragon Dist., 1200 Dragonman Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80909. (303) 683-2800. (165)

HARLEYS, USED, BOUGHT/SOLD

Barnett H-D, 9505 Montana Ave., El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (165)

HEADS

Flo Dynamics, 1150 Pike Lane, Oceano, CA 93445. (805) 481-6300. (167)

HIGH PERFORMANCE

M.C. Fabrications, 714 Broadway, Rockford, IL 61108. (815) 964-5260. (166)

JEWELRY

Dakota Territory Casting Co. Send SASE. Box 1192, Aberdeen, SD 57402. (172)

KICK STARTER KITS

Super Max Products, Nickel Kicker for 5-speeds. Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. (169)

LEATHERS

Brooks Leathers, 14511 W. 11 Mile Road, Oak Park, MI 48237. (800) 521-0254. (163)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (800) 251-7770 or (806) 374-8760. (161)

Leathers By Impulse, 135 Division St., Amsterdam, NY 12010. (518) 843-4568. (161)

Buzzy's $89 American Leather Jacket Chop Shop, 407 Station St., Bridgeville, PA 15017. (412) 221-SHOP. (161)

Branded Leather, Orchard M/C Dist. Inc., 43-38 36th St., L.I.C., NY 11101. (718) 361-2072. (170)

Texas Leather Company, wholesale leather. Box 123, Yoakum, TX 77995. (512) 293-5341. (165)

MAGNETOS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (161)

MC SERVICES

Bison Plating, 600 Sherman Ave., Adell, WI 53001-0230. (414) 994-4013. (161)

S&S Cycle Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (800) 251-7770 or (806) 374-8760. (163)

Big John's Cycles, 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro, GA 30236. (404) 478-2120. (163)

MOTOR REBUILDING

Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

Pag Bros. Cycles, 2380 Newport Blvd., Costa Mesa, CA 92627. (714) 650-9016. (161)

Mega Cycle, 2462 N. Jerusalem Rd., N. Bellmore, NY 11710. (516) 785-6440. (161)

Dragon Dist., 1200 Dragonman Dr., Colorado Springs, CO 80909. (303) 683-2800. (165)

Custom Cycle, performance & custom parts. 1922 Pine Ave. Niagara Falls, NY 14301. (716) 284-2615. (166)

OBSOLETE PARTS

Departure Bike Works, Inc. 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

PARTS & ACCESSORIES

Milwaukee Street Iron Cycles, Inc., 678C Rt. 25A, Rocky Point, NY 11778. (161)

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The Shop, 2546 W. 69th St., Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (162)

SPECIAL SERVICES

Bartels' Harley-Davidson, custom & high-performance. 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City, CA 90230. (213) 838-3003. (167)

SYNTHETIC LUBRICANTS

Holliday's Ultron Neo, 180 N. Lewis Road, Camarillo, CA 93010. (805) 482-5619. (165)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304. (Shipped UPS/C.O.D.) (161)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (800) 251-7770 or (806) 374-8760. (163)

Harley-Davidson of Hempstead, Inc., $10 ea. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (State size: S,M,L, or XL.) (162)

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Inc., Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66, I-40 Exit 185) Bellemont, AZ 86015-0183. (602) 774-3896. (Shipped UPS/C.O.D.) (165)

Barnett Harley-Davidson, $8.95, five-color. Shipped UPS/C.O.D. same day. 9505 Montana, El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (167)

Woodstock Harley-Davidson, Inc., $10 each (state size: S, M, L, XL). Mailing address: Rt. 212 Box 7320, Saugerties, NY 12477. (914) 679-7227. (161)

White Lightning T-Shirts, free list. Box 6143, McLean, VA 22106. (161)

D.M. Best Harley-Davidson, $9.95. 6516 McCart Ave., Fort Worth, TX 76133. Call toll-free (800) 972-1119. Shipped UPS/C.O.D. (166)

South Seas Harley-Davidson, $15.59 each, shipped same day (sizes: S,M,L,XL). 94-896 Moloalo St., Waipahu, HI 96797. (163)

HM Parts & Accessories. Catalog, $1 (refundable). Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (169)

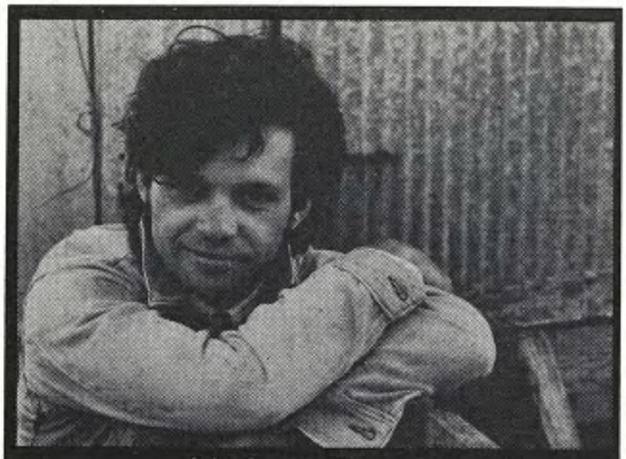
Brooklyn H-D Sales Corp., $10 each. 2487 Coney Island Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11223. (718) 998-6666 (171)

Shadows & Shapes, by Woody Hayman, $10 each, plus $1.50 shipping. Free brochure. Box 2756, Rome, GA 30164. (404) 234-0551. (165)

Miller's Custom Parts, full-line *Easyriders* T-shirts: S-XL, $8.95; XXL-XXXXL, $10.95. 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona, FL 32019. (904) 761-0858 (167)

DOWNTIME

By Bomber



John Cougar Mellencamp

Like A Rock/Bob Seger: No urinalysis taken here, but what the fuck got into Bob Seger? Word is he's a straight-arrow man, always been. Doesn't partake in partyin' festivities known as "recreational." He is, as the song says, "solid as a rock."

"Twenty years now, where'd they go? 20 years. I don't know. I sit and wonder sometimes where they've gone. And I recall. . . Standin' arrow straight. . . Carryin' all the weight. . ."

It might feel that way for, oh, say, 80 or 90 million people, plus there's all the foreigners. No doubt life's got them wonderin' just where it's gone, too. Only to think how ya pissed away your dreams by not doing some particular specific action in that whirlwind time known as youth. And endin' up the poor wreck that adulthood finds us.

Truth is, Bob figures, ya gotta shine that shit. Don't look back. Ya gotta do what ya have to to survive, do it with purpose and class, fight the good fight and be content to keep doin' it till yer brain's juices suck up and ya get stored in a box with the rest of the old folks.

Back to the piss test. Something got into Seger that has him presenting his music with a playfulness and commitment to purpose that hasn't been seen in years. The Silver Bullet Band is back, with an intention to wake us up from the blase wasteland that has become the musical situation in the eighties.

To tell ya the truth, Seger and his guys started givin' me Bob Backlash around his **Night Moves** days. Too mainstream for me. Seemed like he was just grinding out the formula. There was always this feeling that he was trying a little too hard to impress with his blues of a tough way up the ladder to super-stardom. I was spoiled by a leaner, tougher sound as evidenced on **Live Bullet**, one of the best live records ever.

Then came four big-selling, heavy-on-the-singles LPs that didn't do much for me. Not that I'm any fuckin' barometer, 'cause **Night Moves, Stranger In Town, Against The Wind,** and **Nine Tonight** sold like hotcakes, becoming certified gold and platinum records.

It wasn't till **The Distance** that I got back on the Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet bandwagon. Bet that really excites 'em. But the heart that was heard on the tune "Roll Me Away" gripped me like a sixteen-inch rear wheel sinkin' into asphalt, sprayin' tread all over. That tread was my heart, and the spray was the feelings flying around for the freedom of riding.

The Distance, now four years old, is followed up with **Like A Rock**. The album is buttressed by his signature of not having to scream to get his message across. That has been his style, though he can wail when he needs to. But it's the old, strong and silent, quiet-important-things-strike-deepest stance that supports songs like "The Ring" and "Somewhere Tonight."

Make no mistake, **Like A Rock** is not limited to a slowed-down set, and maybe that's why it makes such a good impression. There's a perfect blend of rocking numbers and slowed-down ballads that make the record end sooner than you'd like. From the opening thrashing rockers "American Storm" and "Tightrope," which give rousing starts to each side, there is a high-energy rush. Supported by his adept band, Chris Campbell, bass; Craig Frost, keyboards; Alto Reed, sax; Rick Vito, guitar; and John Robinson on drums, Seger is back with a fury. Hope it isn't four years till we hear from him again.

Scarecrow/John Cougar Mellencamp: Okay, let's get the Mellencamp jokes out of the way right now. The ones that go on about the similarities between him and those two other biggies, the conglomerate known as Bruce Seger Cougarcamp. Well, I've waited almost a year on this one. Waiting for the record to flop or bore, and neither has happened. **Scarecrow** is still one of the most-played records at the house. I guess that says something for it.

Since last we checked in on John, he's been a busy man. If he wasn't recording or touring, he was working with the likes of Willie Nelson setting up benefits for the American farmer, Farm Aid, which recently had its second run-through. Maybe someday they won't have to get musicians to raise dough for broke breadbasket-bearers. But until such a time people who care about the farmers and their plight vow to carry on the fight.

Mellencamp's music comes on hard, like droppin' a shovelhead into gear, with the tune "Scarecrow" detailing the farm foreclosures that aren't far away news items but life-crunchin' events that hit home with John, compelling him to dedicate this work to reaching out to the farmer. "Rain on the scarecrow, blood on the plow. And son, I'm just sorry there's no legacy for you now."

With the drought that broiled the crops from the ground in the South this summer, I guess we can expect more of the auctioneer, or, at the very least, a need for farm relief. What's it got to do with motorcycling? Well, brother, if ya can't get any work in the fields, runnin' the cattle or sheep or pigs, how ya gonna buy that new Heritage? Hell, how ya gonna afford to keep gas in the tanks of that ol' Hog? This shit hits home with lots of bros we know. And that's exactly who Mellencamp is talkin' about all through **Scarecrow**.

Happily, the album isn't all about bummers, though the recent downslide makes the Oklahoma dustbowl days seem like a Saturday night hayride. On "Rockin' In The U.S.A." Cougar gives respect to the people he admired growing up in Seymour and listening to the rock 'n' roll that eventually expanded his own vision.

His vision is a good and honest one. One that songs like "Minutes To Memories," "Justice and Independence '85," "The Face Of The Nation," "Small Town," "Rumbleseat," and "Rain On The Scarecrow" exemplify perfectly.

His theme is reality, which encompasses all that life has thrown his way. It's almost like an American biography of the heartland.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 50¢ per word for private individuals: $2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgement. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.
Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing equipment: colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send $1 for catalog. S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (168)

Any bros out there from Chosen Few, Boardman Rt. 224 & Market St., Poland Clubhouse, 1968-69: Sis hit by truck, winter, near clubhouse, wants to hear from you. Please reply. Michelle, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.

Are you tired of being screwed financially by The System? There are ways to play the game so you can keep more of your $$$ and earn more each month. For complete information, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to Suite K-65, 496-A Hudson St., N.Y.C., NY 10014. National opportunity. (161)

German biker, 24, wants to start an American-style biker bar with grill. I need some experience, which an American bar or grill owner can give me with a job in this business for one year (1987). I'm a hard worker. Thomas Schwenche, Karl-Boos Str. 8, 6200 Wiesbaden, W. Germany. (161)

Rick "Dusty" Stanton: Please call, I need you here. Love you, Lil Bit. (161)

Pig-Pen: Happy birthday, 11/19/86. All my love, Silly P. (161)

Tattoo outfits. Several modern, professional outfits with designs, never used. Bargain. Send $2 for photos, etc. Britt, Box 396, High Shoals, NC 28077. (172)

Drink and drive to the best party tape ever! "Pussy-Licking Tommy, I'll Never Fuck You Again," and seven more originals nasty songs on cassette. Send $8.95 to Mack Banks, Box 17, West Point, MS 39773. (164)

Drano (Wayne): Happy birthday and happy one year. I love you more than squashin' tadpoles. Darla. (161)

Australian remail service, $3 per letter. Miss Lorry Ford, Box 593, Noarlunga Centre, S.A. 5168; Australia. (162)

Vixen, from Niagra Falls: Saw you in Indiana, June '86. Been head over heels ever since. One smile was all it took; doubt you'll remember. Would like to hear from you, so take a minute and write. What have you got to lose? Who knows, stranger things have happened. T.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (161)

Steve Merchant: I have to see you. Please call ASAP. Denise. (161)

"Peeper's Single," seen in *ER* #158. Make big offer. Have sidecars, 37ULH, 38UL, 22JD, and parts for sale. 406-721-3937. Box 21, Lolo, MT 59847. (162)

Daryl: Happy 30th birthday, 11/25/86. We've been together for over a year now. Hope we have many more to come. I'll love you forever. Angel. (161)

Tattoos by Lou (formerly of Fayetteville/Cherry Point/Jacksonville, N.C.) now located So. Miami, Florida area. 20926 S. Dixie Hwy., Cutler Ridge, FL 33189. Phone 305-238-8333. (161)

JJ, alias Ringo of the Old Pueblo: I'm single now, will be in town Christmas Eve, and want to party/ride with you. Call Grandma's house. Aloha. The Redhead. (161)

Looking for Shelly Kolbert, Washington area federal prison. Write to Joyce Lee, 6054 Bridget St., Philadelphia, PA 19144. (161)

Easyriders rag collection, issues #1-45. All in binders, $275. Frank Scilla, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (161)

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title of "Reverend." Send $10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (165)

Stan: Out of Army. Live in Denver, 900 Sq. Quince B209, 80231. L.B. (161)

Libra: Happy birthday, baby, I love you so much. Rozee. (161)

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment* This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 132-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the bros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., $3; foreign, $5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Soctland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, NY 12186.

"Tattoo Network." Send $1 & SASE for first issue. Include shop's name, address, etc., for free listing in next issue. Articles on shops, equipment, fiction, cartoons, jokes, flash, and lots more — don't miss an issue. Send to TN, Box 1067, Crystal Bay, NV 89402. (170)

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (165)

Make money staying at home with mail-order system that works. Send $2 and SASE, and start making money in mail-order. D. Kelly, Box 10005, Tahoe Valley, CA 95731. (175)

Bear "S.S." out of Venice, Calif.: If anybody knows his whereabouts, please tell him I'd like him to write me ASAP. J.J. Magliochetti, D-02646 (28/29), Box 3535, Norco, CA 91760. (161G)

Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals. Overstock sale, must clear. Illustrated literature, $2. Artist, Box 242-W, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (161)

Mojo: You looking for a red BMW? If so, write to me. I'm alone and waiting. Boing, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (161)

A step-by-step guide to tattooing, by Madman Kelly. Over 40 pages of methods, formulations, set-ups, and equipment. Send $10 to D. Kelly, Box 10005, Tahoe Valley, CA 95731. (179)

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (162)

Unusual liquor dispenser. Brussel Boy, $21.95. Irma Miller, 407 W. 5th, Kennett, MO 63857. (161)

Free samples. Phone fuck. Gigi/Heather, 18, sounds younger. Toll 50¢ first minute, 35¢ each additional minute. 1-900-410-4444. (163)

Fantastic tattoo designs by Crach (in the joint). You get 30 large original patterns for $17. You will not be disappointed with the quality of art. Send m.o. to Kathy Briggs, 15735 El Gato Ln., Los Gatos, CA 95030. (161)

Collector list, cycle & tattoo items, $1. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, MI 48910. (161)

If you liked "Everybody's Dream" (*Easyriders*, August '86), then I have the '47 knuckle for you, not as cherry but same style. $4000 obo. (714)-738-7930.

Tattoo stencil-maker. Clear, unsmeared, positive-image, hectograph stencil in 4 seconds. Free sample stencil. Tattoo Stencils, Box 716, Old Orchard, ME 04064. MC/VISA, 207-934-4090. (161)

Maine: I put pain in your brain and caused you great shame, but you took it just the same. Like an egg that's been cracked, I know we'll never get back. Though my heart feels like it's been hit by a truck, I'll always wish you the best of luck, for joys I never thought I would know. Not-so-fast-anymore Eddie. (161)

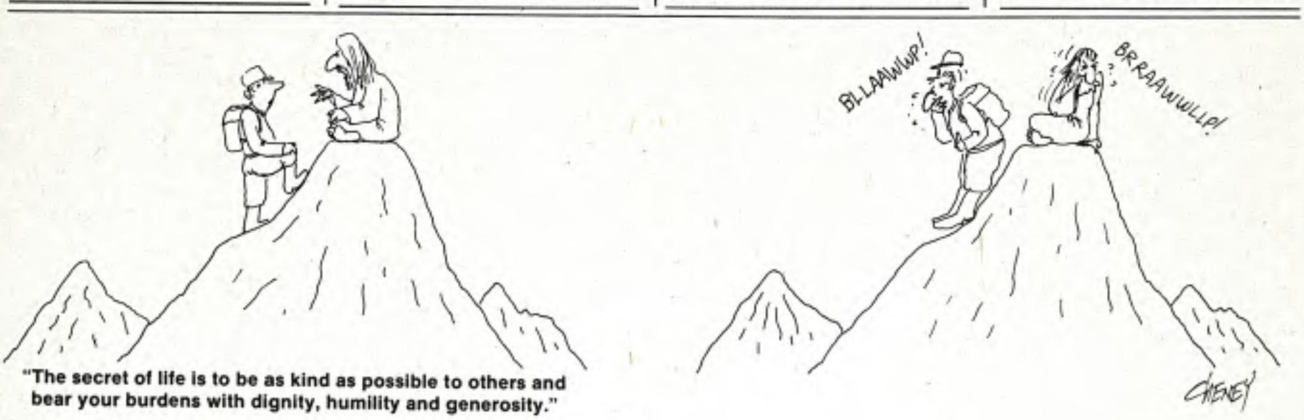
Easyriders hard-to-find issues, buy, sell or swap. Complete your collection. Call Mike 414-464-6620. (161)

Unique book catalog. Over 500 titles. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $1, credited to first order, to Kelsey, Box 441, Kennett, MO 63857. (161)

Prison tattooist collecting designs for years, now offering my "Tattoo Workbook Collection." For more information and sample sheets, send $3 to Edward V. Pavon, Jr., 875-B Llagas Rd., Morgan Hill, CA 95037. (161)

Wholesale sales reps wanted to sell licensed David Mann T-shirts to motorcycle dealerships and retailers. Call Bob, 805-498-4560. (164)

Attention, all women riders and enthusiasts: We are proud to introduce "Harley Women," a brand-new magazine written by women Harley riders for the woman rider and enthusiast. We will be featuring interviews with women riders and groups, readers' photos, accessories for lady riders, tech tips, and just about anything and everything of interest to women riders! For a one-year subscription, bi-monthly (6 issues per year), send check or money order for $12, payable to Asphalt Angels Publications, Box 864, Addison, IL 60101. Dealer inquiries welcomed. Ad rates available on request.



"The secret of life is to be as kind as possible to others and bear your burdens with dignity, humility and generosity."

Partnershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 75¢ per word. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to the advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5 per ad for this service to cover handling and postage. Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

Melbourne, Australia. Wanted: Lovely, shapely, full-figured, affectionate, uninhibited, friendly, well-built American house mouse to come to Australia. All relocation expenses paid. I'm single, 155 lbs., 5'10", youngish looking, 30s, self-employed, luxury home, can afford the best. Great opportunity for nice, genuine, attractive girl. Please reply quickly with photograph, telephone number, address. The Box Holder, Box 236, Post Office, KEW 3101; Victoria, Australia. Please, genuine ladies only. (164)

W/m, Leo, 5'9", blond over blue, getting out 1/87, is looking for letters from foxy ladies, 18-35, for friendship and possible commitment to right one. Your photo gets mine; will answer all. Charles Prophitt, Rt. 1 Box 170, Fortson, GA 31808. (161)

Everyone's been hurt, everyone's been fooled. There are those who build walls, and those who keep an open heart. Love, feeling, caring, and intimacy aren't bad words. Lonely Harley rider, 29, is still searching for an affectionate woman who feels the same and won't play mind games. Where are ya, babe? I need you desperately. The California Ghost Rider, 3953 Carol Ave., Santa Barbara, CA 93110. (162)

Musician, biker, 36, looking for an adventurous woman to share winters in the Caribbean islands and summers in a home in the mountains. Contact Sailor, Box 686, Herkimer, NY 13350.

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends! Photos, information, free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (161)

Lookin' for an outlaw woman who loves the road and heeds the code. Open your heart and share a sweet smile. Bob George, C30178, SMSC, Facility IV-A, Unit 4-A-207-U, Box 1902, Tehachapi, CA 93561. (161)

W/m, 31, prisoner of the state, needs to be imprisoned by love. Seeking older woman, 40 to ? Honesty, trust, sharing, caring will be returned for same. Race and looks no barrier, but must be young at heart. Love, marriage and lust are the objective; only the like-minded need reply. Am financially secure and will carry my own weight. Marcus Costner, 134 11th St., Santa Rosa, CA 95401.

Beautiful, unspoiled, English-speaking Oriental ladies want friendship, marriage. Video available. Pal, Box 31, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (164)

Ladies: Correspondence and possible relationships wanted. Kids okay. Allan Barker, 24, 5'9", 145 lbs., blond and blue; and Robert Coker, 32, 5'8", 160 lbs., brown and hazel. Pix for pix. Box 146, Fordland, MO 65652. (161)

Wanted: Intelligent, attractive, submissive, big-busted young woman for a lasting relationship. Photo a must. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (161)

Blue-eyed fox with big heart, age 17, loves stars, night moves, adventure, unknown, and serious man with big heart. Katherine Persons 415506, Rt. 4, Box 800 H2, Gatesville, TX 76528. (161)

Beautiful girls, worldwide, want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos, free! Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (161)

Free: World's largest singles magazine. Photos, descriptions, ladies and men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, NV 89513-5637. (161)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $3 brings photos, description, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (161)

Italian male, 31, down and lonely, would like to hear from you righteous ladies, 18-35. No head games; free 10/87. Joe Broggio, C80091, CMC-W, Box 8103, San Luis Obispo, CA 93403-0005. (161)

Wonder Woman: Star rider has double life the hard way, and needs you. Born 9/27/47, Libra-Scorpio ascendent, 6', 155 lbs., light brown hair, hazel eyes. Steve Young 054567, Fla. State Prison, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (161)

W/m, 24, needs you attractive ladies out there to help finish this time. Out spring '88. So come on, make my mail time a happy time. Mike McKean, C84450, Rm. 3254, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (161)

Lookin' for a girl with the wind in her hair and a smile in her eyes. Reach out, mama, 'cause I'm sure 'nuff there. Ron George, C32697, SMSC, Facility IV-A, Unit 4-A-207-L, Box 1902, Tehachapi, CA 93561. (161)

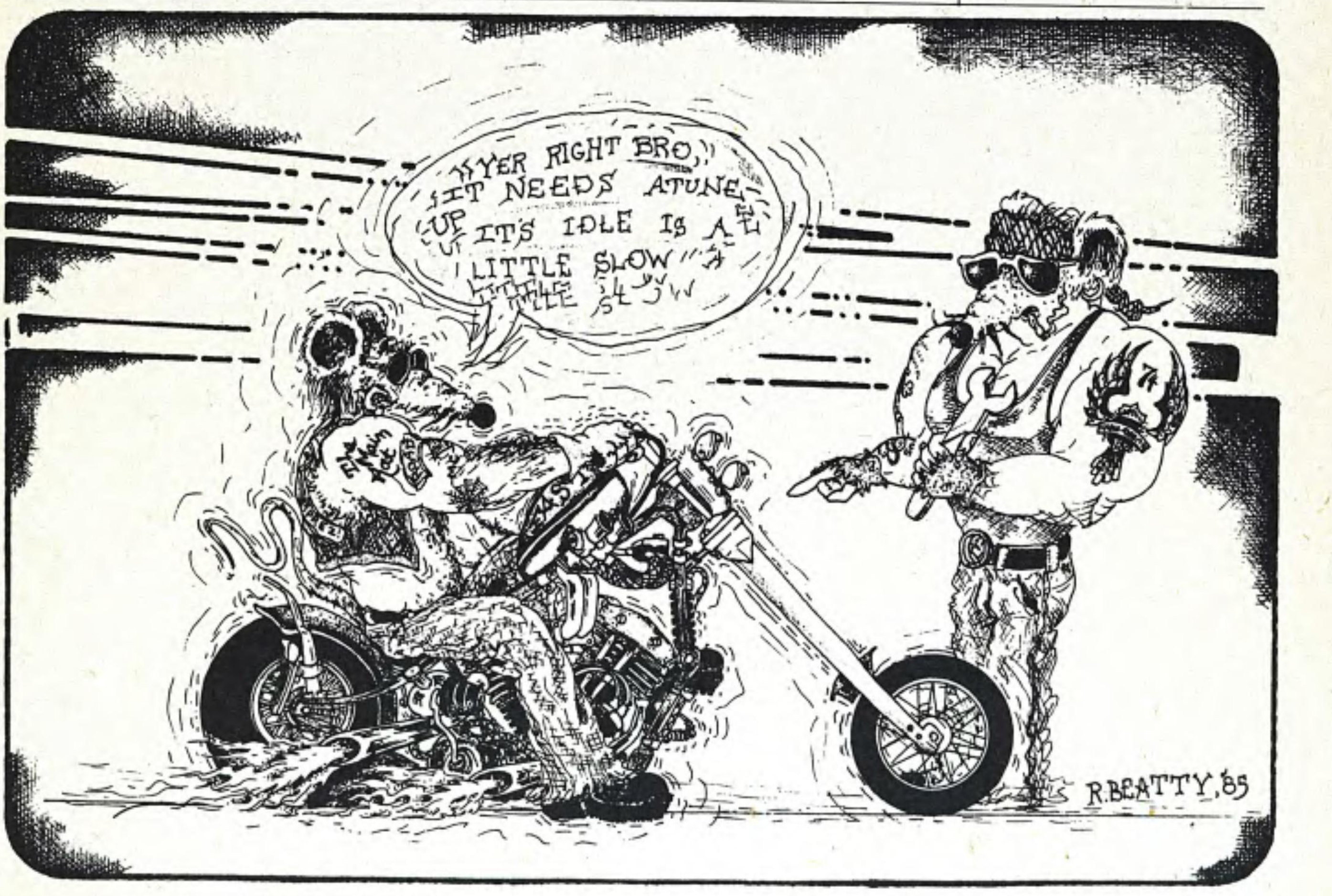
Two downed bros doing short time would like to correspond with sincere, young ladies with the possibility of a meaningful relationship. One younger, one older — take your choice, ladies. We are both white, and all letters will be answered. Collin W. Smith (age 25), D25564, CTF-N, Dorm #25U; and Bill Yuna (age 50) D23287, CTF-N, Dorm #75L, Soledad, CA 93960-0705. (161)

Lady wanted. Live in Florida near beaches. Need lady to take care of my home and me. Looking for non-smoker, 18-32, 95-120 lbs. Tom, 2856 Pine Tree Ave., Largo, FL 33541. (166)

Mature 28-yr.-old, blond hair, green eyes, 6'1", 250-lb. white male, looking for a sincere, honest, and mature lady desiring a lasting relationship with a caring man. Will be released on 7/21/88. If interested, please let me hear from you. Chris W. Hill, C-03356 (A-318), Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689. (161)

W/m, 27, 6'2", will be released 2/87. Seeking ladies, 21-50, race unimportant. Anthony Gephart 161553, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

W/m, 30, looking for a sincere and honest woman to work at a good relationship. No head games. Send pic and phone number. Child okay. Dan, Box 3112, Laurel, MD 20708. (161)



A Tribute To Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. *Note:* No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of **John Turner**, gone too fast. Taken from us in 1983 by a cage. Ric Routier and all your bros in Alberta, Canada.

In memory of **Dave Thayer**, 40, of Port Orchard, Washington, killed 6/20/86 by a 15-year-old in an out-of-control truck. Ride free. Dan Thayer and Allan Sample, Seattle, Washington.

In loving memory of **Randal "Scott" Love**, who suffered a heart attack at the age of 37, 3/14/86. We know you're free in Harley Heaven and we all love ya. Jerry and Terri Lucas, Visalia, California.

In loving memory of **Ray Alvin Tennison**, 1/2/86. Always, San Jacinto High Rollers (Houston) and D. "Killer" Turner (Dallas).

In memory of **Danny "Boston" Coates**, Vagos MC, SoCal. A true Vago, you'll always be in our hearts as life goes on. Your brother Beau, Victorville, California. V.F.F.V.

In memory of **Steve Smith** of Lansing, Michigan, who passed away in Tucson, 3/30/86. Bros, friends, and family will miss him.

In memory of **Ronny D.**, a man who truly knew H-Ds inside and out, taken from us by cancer. We miss you. Your friends, Santana and the Hamel bunch. Hamel, Minnesota.

In loving memory of **Sindi**, taken away from us much too soon, 1/7/86. You knew how to party with the best of 'em. You'll always be loved and missed. Keep on smilin'. Love, Animal.

In memory of **I. Bruce Jones, Jr.**, 5/23/60-6/26/85, of Marshall, Texas. You loved me and you loved to ride; I miss you not being by my side. Laid to rest, but we'll never part, for you will always be in my heart. Love always, Joyce.

In memory of **Big Dog**, a big man with an even bigger heart. Love and miss you, your brother Scott.

In memory of **Richard "Hot Dog" Hornsby**, a damn good dude and a biker to the bone who rode out hard on his Harley, 6/29/86. We'll meet again someday; till then I'm riding in your memory, bro. Love, Hippy Dog.

In memory of **Dawn Thomas**, 4/25/86. Wherever and whenever we ride, you'll always be in the wind with us. We'll love you forever. Larry and BB, Nokomis, Florida.

In memory of **James T. Lake** (R.D. #20, Harley), 4/11/86. This is being written for all the bros and sisters who weren't told of your death. Ride on forever in Harley Heaven, Harley. We all love and miss you. Love, R.D. #20 J.L., and Katie, Wall, So. Dakota.

In memory of **Hooch MaGooch**, 1/9/53-9/14/83. You left too soon to ride forever; you're not forgotten, you're still remembered. Ride on, for one day I'll ride beside you. Gimp.

In memory of **Dave "Grandma's Tires" McConahay**, 8/29/61-6/26/86. He touched us all. Ride 'em in the rain. Love, Mike, Kathy, Dwight, and T.A.

In memory of **Bryan "Shotgun" Guthrie**, 11/21/61-5/18/86. You didn't ride with us long, but you rode hard and died fast. The Man took you away, but he can't take the memories. Sadly missed by your loving brothers, Franklin "Scooter" Meadows and Russel "The Kid" Gilstrap.

In memory of **Sidney George**. It's been five years, brother. Life is hell here on the inside, but we'll meet again on the other side. Thumper, Mocksville, N.C.

In lasting memory of **Willie Tadder**, who so deeply touched our hearts and always will. From the heart, Keri, Li'l Mike, Keith, Wendy, and all of us "outlaws."

In memory of **Daniel "Munchkin" Marquowitz**, a brother to the bone, murdered by a backstabbing snitch in 1985. He wasn't a big man in size, but his heart would dwarf most people's. Domonic, and The Drifters MC Cleveland, Ohio.

In loving memory of **Ross Lenox**, taken from us 6/22/86 on his last ride. We'll never forget. Until we meet again, we'll miss you. Your boys, Darlene, Joe, Cindy, and everyone here in Cuba, Missouri, who had the privilege of knowing you.

In memory of **Debbie Hall**, 6/22/86 in Idaho City, Idaho. She was loved and will be missed by all the bros and sisters from the Hitching Post in Nampa.

In loving memory of **Red Mike** and **Karen Rowland**, 6/29/86, who lived to ride 1%. You're very much loved and missed by all your sisters and brothers. Our prayers are with you. Bondo Bob, Ro-Ho, Phils, and your father Joe, Crescent City, California.

In memory of **John "Dawg" Howley**, 1/86, the best and craziest we knew. We'll miss ya till our wheels roll together in the wind again. All your bros everywhere.

In memory of **Gary "Butch" Starkweather** and **Kim "Sue" Williams**, together at last in Harley Heaven. Ride fast and free. All your brothers and sisters in Minnesota.

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail. Please send your *Male Call* listing to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. Subscriptions and renewals of existing subscriptions are now available to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate of $14 per year (offer doesn't include premiums available to subscribers paying regular rate). Send $14 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. *Note:* Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

W/m, 36, 5'10", blue eyes, brown hair, 165 lbs., really lonely. Will answer all who write. Jerry Flanigan 86876, Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051.

Lonely w/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, down and out. Would like correspondence and pictures from warm-hearted, perfume-wearing, foxy ladies. Russell D. Dixon 26392, Dorm 6, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

W/m, 38, 6'2", blond/green, 200 lbs., been down four years. Badly need some correspondence and companionship from a sincere biker lady, 30-45. Will answer all. Jim Becker 76765-012, Unit Arizona I, Box 1500, El Reno, OK 73036.

W/m, brown hair, blue eyes, slim build, nothing oversized except imagination. May get out in '87; 50/50 chance. Looking for ladies who are sincere, with a touch of heart and wildness. Tom Wallace 128-817, Box 56, Lebanon, OH 45036.

W/m, 34, been down 17 years with 3 more to go. Would like to get to know some foxy lady for time when my freedom shines. Adren Ray Moore 033982, Avon Park Corr. Inst. MB1213, Avon Park, FL 33825.

Cancer, 42, out in '87, seeks Libra and Pisces women, 25-35 (especially Carbondale area), with a strong heart and zest for life. Will answer all. Ed Vargas, C10265, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764-0099.

Downed bro, 5'7½", 150 lbs., long brown hair, blue eyes, in for a short stretch, looking for foxy ladies to write and possibly hook up with upon my release. Please send pix. Joseph J. Kehn, Jr., 86-A-1186, Eastern CF, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458.

W/m, 23, 5'7", 150 lbs., blondish hair, brown eyes, needs to hear from some wild women. Been down 23 months with 18 to go. Paul Holder 130-425, SCI, 5900 BIS Rd., Lancaster, OH 43130.

W/m, muscular, lonely, and blue needs letters. Lance Haag 171-869, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

W/m, 31, brown hair, green eyes, 5'11", 175 lbs., doing life. In need of some female correspondence and possible visits. Will answer all; pictures appreciated. Jim Winchel, N-31998, Box 112, Joliet, IL 60434.

W/m, 24, 150 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, wishes to correspond with ladies, 18-35. Been down 3 years and looking for release 10/89. Larry Teegardin, PMB 76, Box 7000, Texarkana, TX 75501.

Outlaw biker, 5'8", 170 lbs., out 11/87, looking for the right ol' lady, 18-40. All letters answered. Walt Lincoln, Box 23-A; Thornton, PA 19373.

Southern white boy, 27, brown hair, blue eyes, 6', 165 lbs., would appreciate letters from you ladies out there. Will answer all. Terry Britt 31265, Box 7 (4-A-950), Moberly, MO 65270.

I'm into good-looking women, but I dig good hearts even more. Release date 3/87. Drop this good-looking dude some kites and find out more. Ken Cook 183-583, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Bro, 34, doing 6 with 2 to go. Wish to hear from any ladies who are interested in keeping a smile on my face. Robert Jones, 80-C-0289, Box 367, Dannemora, NY 12929.

W/m, 40, 6', 190 lbs., due out early '87, looking for a serious relationship. I need a good ol' lady to hang onto. Joseph E. Davis, D25348, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Lonely w/m, 26, 5'9", 180 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, needs sweet lady to write. Possible serious relationship. Dennis Brochenshire 854503, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m, 6'3", 180 lbs., dark brown hair, blue eyes, Libra, born 10/17/55. Open-minded and don't play head games. Mark K. Sullivan, U/29-K-Bldg. 58958, Parchman, MS 38738.

W/m, 5'9", brown hair, hazel eyes, 142 lbs., wishes to correspond with a sincere woman, 18-36. Bruce Wenrick, K8565, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

W/m, 28, 5'8", 165 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, needs lovin' lady with good looks and long heart. If you can hang till 2/88, drop me a line. Photos appreciated. Danny Gruytch, D10922 (4-10), Box 608, Tehachapi, CA 93561.

Blond-haired, blue-eyed bro, 25, out late '87 or early '88. Need ladies to kick it with; doesn't have to lead to relationship. Tim Rippy, N42995, Box 7711, Centralia, IL 62801.

Prison inmate looking for correspondence from people who give a shit. Male or female doesn't matter, letters do. Rob Castleman, N30427, Box 87, Menard, IL 62259.

Downed renegade, 6'1", 31, heathen, looking for good warrior lady. About a year to go. Will answer all. Clayton Small, A021396, Box 700 Conley Lake Rd., Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

W/m, 24, needs to hear from ladies. All letters appreciated; all answered. James McGee 48445, CCF, Box 600 Canon City, CO 81212.

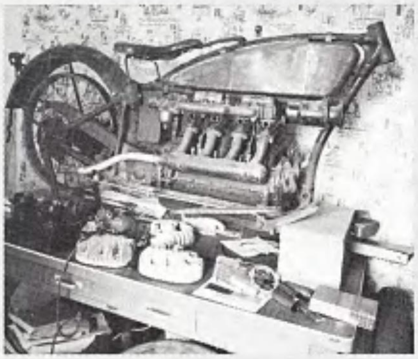
HIGH ON HOGS

Here are three brothers who really like their Hogs. They must, 'cause they've got over 2000 of them.

Chopper, Slider and Tator. They sound like refugees from the set of the "Dukes of Hazzard," but they're actually three righteous bros from Iowa who make a living raising — and in the case of Tator, racing — Hogs.

The guys grew up on the same family farm they now run, but it was hog-free in those days. The hogs — four-legged ones, that is — arrived about five years ago when the farm crisis you've been hearing so much about hit Iowa with a vengeance. By the time two of their neighbors had committed suicide rather than face financial ruin, the brothers decided that they had better get out of money-losing crops fast. Their alternative was to pig out, as you can see.

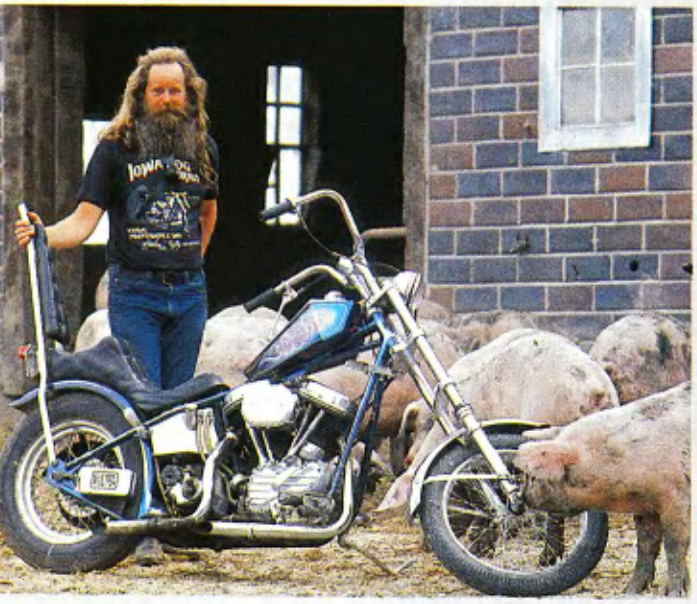
Meanwhile, all three maintained their interest in steel pigs of the two-wheeled variety. Tator, the youngest of the trio, was the speed burner; Chopper, the middle bro, the builder and antique restorer; and Slider. . .well, Slider just liked to ride and ride.



A few years ago, Tator decided to try a different kind of Hog-slopping on a full-time basis and opened a chop shop. He eventually fell into drag racing and now rides the AMRA circuit on a 200-plus cubes, twin-engined shovelhead. Meanwhile, back on the farm, Chopper and Slider are still

tendin' the flock and enjoying split weeks at Sturgis and Daytona every year. Maybe someday Uncle Sam will straighten out this farm mess and get the price of pork up to where they can afford to hire someone to watch the farm while they go on a run together.

—(Hog) Butcher



Photos by Michael Lichter

BOSS HOG TH

E DIRT DIGGER

Not Yer Average Mud Bike

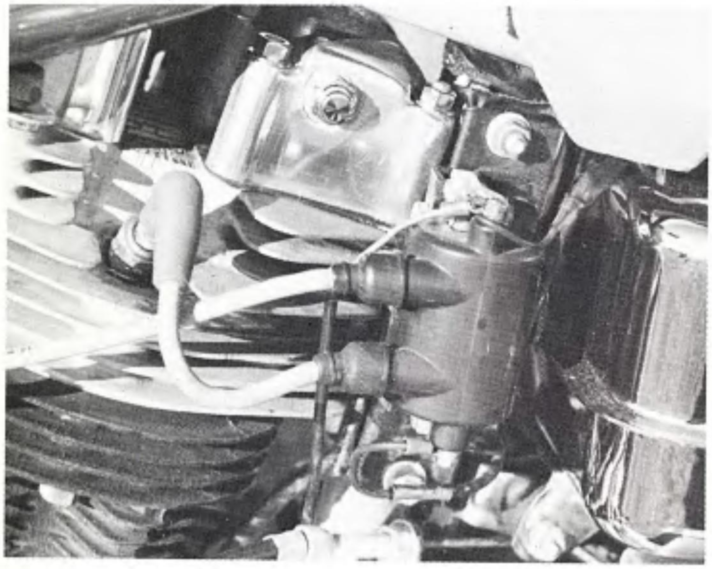
Boss Hog is a 93-inch nitrous-burning shovelhead. Each firing stroke announces itself to the world through short straight pipes and marks its spot with a new divot of dirt tossed from the four huge sand tires. It is power, pure, simple, and overwhelming. There are other Harleys that fit that description, the difference here is that Boss Hog is tied to a tractor-pull sled.

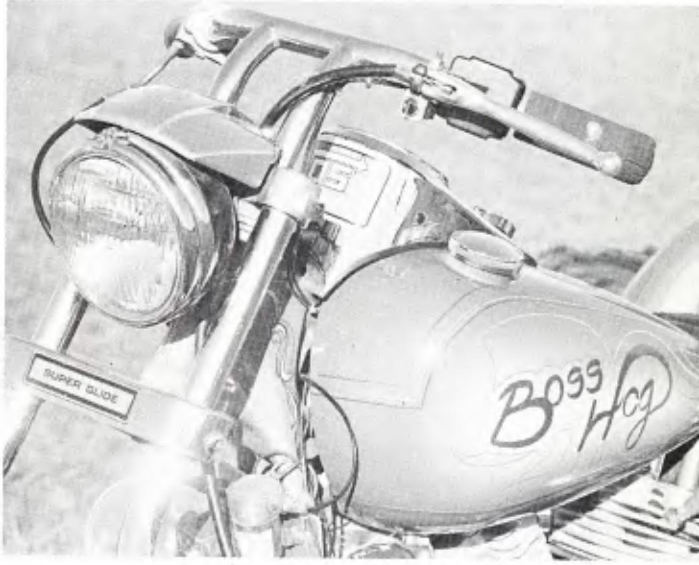
Grass roots racing is hard to find these days. Except for outlaw dirt-circle racing and some drag racing, ordinary folks have had a hard time findin' a place to get a little fun an' maybe win a trophy — until recently, that is.

The West Coast Tri Pullers is a club of about 100 bikers who are dedicated to having fun yankin' weights around in front of people. While they have classes for the little three-wheelers, the head of the class is Boss Hog. Leon Hatcher owns the Hog and takes care of Tri-N-Whip It, the club sled. Leon is quick to give credit to the people who have helped him with the Boss: A relative gave him the

Boss Hog
NOS

Boss Hog





bike, Bobby Zulinski put the chassis together and made most of the special parts, Jerry the Jew built the motor, and Rawling's Motor Maniacs installed the nitrous injection system. Leon rides the Hog real well, too.

One can't help but notice the big blue bottle of "squeeze" bolted to the frame. The nitrous oxide injection set-up (by Nitrous Oxide Systems) adds about 50 percent to the already high power output of the 93-cubic-inch S&S stroker engine. The nitrous is controlled by a switch on the throttle. When Leon cranks the loud handle all the way open the nitrous and fuel pumps start and things begin to happen — right now. Tied to a few thousand pounds of sled with four big tires to deliver the message, the Boss is reasonable to ride.

The gearbox is stock and all runs are made in first. The ratios are so tall that first gear could get you into ticket territory. Once these things are going and the sled's weight begins to shift forward, you don't stop to shift.

Hatcher bent a few rear axles until they found a stainless steel alloy that would take the loads. Boss Hog has been changed during the three years it has been competing and it will continue to change. Leon Hatcher has

plans, won't say what they are, but he smiles when he talks about what is gonna happen. There was even some mention of starting a super-modified class — with more than one engine. —Joe Minton

Photos by Joe Minton

BOSS HOG SPECS

OWNER:	Hatcher's Upholstery Clovis, California
RIDER:	Leon Hatcher
GENERAL FABRICATION:	Bobby Zulinski
YEAR:	'72
ENGINE:	93" stroker
BUILDER:	Jerry the Jew
NITROUS SYSTEM:	Rawling's Motor Maniacs
CASES:	H-D
FLYWHEELS:	S&S Cycle
PISTONS:	Wiseco
CAM:	Leineweber
CARB:	Rivera SU
IGNITION:	stock H-D
EXHAUST:	short straight pipes
GEARBOX:	Jerry the Jew
PAINT:	Clovis Water Truck
BRAKE:	rear disc
WHEEL BASE:	64 inches
REAR WHEELS:	(4) 25x13-9 modified "Wooley Boogers"
FRONT WHEEL:	12x8 ATV
RECORD:	Lost count. Hog has won about 8 out of 10 events entered during the past three years.

Tractor-Pull Bike Rules

Boss Hog falls into the 850-pound modified class as defined by the West Coast Tri Pullers' rule book. Most of the rules cover the smaller stock and slightly modified ATVs. Harley-powered ATVs have just gotta be in the modified group. There are four modified classes: 500, 700, 850 and 1000 pounds. There is an advantage to having a heavier machine (more traction) and, so far, the advantage of weight has been more important than power. Until things get out of hand, the Tri Pullers plan to let the fox in the hen house as far as engines and engine modifications go.

While the rules governing engines are liberal in the modified class, you gotta have the hitch right where the rules call for. You see, power isn't as much of a problem as traction. Where the hitch is on the bike, how long the chain is, and where the hitch is on the sled mean a lot. When the bike begins to pull, the effect of its torque is to lift the front of the sled. A one-inch difference in the height of the hitch is like adding or removing 1000 pounds from the sled!

Modifieds are allowed to have the engine anywhere on the chassis as long as the wheelbase is not over 72 inches. Oh yeah, the engine has to be from a motorcycle. Ya can run more than one carb. Two wheels on each side at the rear are okay. Tires can't be more than 26 inches tall. You can run anything in yer engine that'll burn or not explode too hard.

There are some other rules that are intended to keep the sport as safe as it has been the last three years the Tri Pullers' 100-or-so members have been competing. For instance, ya gotta have a kill switch attached to the sled in case it comes loose an' the scoot takes off. The hitch has to be strong an' if yours breaks you'll get disqualified from the meet — laughed at too, we'd bet. If you would like a copy of the West Coast Tri Pullers rule book, send three bucks to: West Coast Tri Pullers, Box 1050, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

There are no design rules regarding the sled. Rather, it has evolved over the past three or four years of use. Next month we will give you design and operational details of Tri-N-Whip It, the sled used by the Tri Pullers.

—Joe Minton

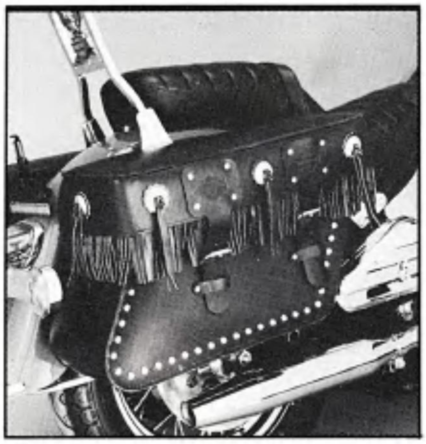
PARTS BOX

PUSHROD COVERS

For less than $60, CCI offers a complete set of machine-polished, anodized aluminum pushrod covers to fit all 1948-84 pans and shovels, including strokers and late-model, O-ring-equipped engines. Naturally, sets contain lock nuts, corks, and seals. See your favorite CCI dealer, or contact CCI, Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.

PRIME-RIB PRIMARY COVERS

Cast from 356 aluminum, heat-treated to T-6 specs, these primary covers are mighty tough hombres. Precision-machined, each comes with allen head bolts and alloy drain plug, and is available in cast or polished finish. Choose smooth, engraved, finned, or brand-new "semi-fin" design. Prices start a teeny RCH below $90. Get more info from Cafe Company, Dept. ER, Box 6801, Auburn, CA 95604. Or give 'em a jingle by calling 916-888-1444.



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Available only from Harley dealers, these top-grain, fringed leather bags have chrome studs, lids with conchos, embossed bar & shield logo on straps, and roller buckles for easy access. Internal metal frame provides shape, and external mounting brackets — as well as inside lock plate — secure it firmly to your FLST Heritage.

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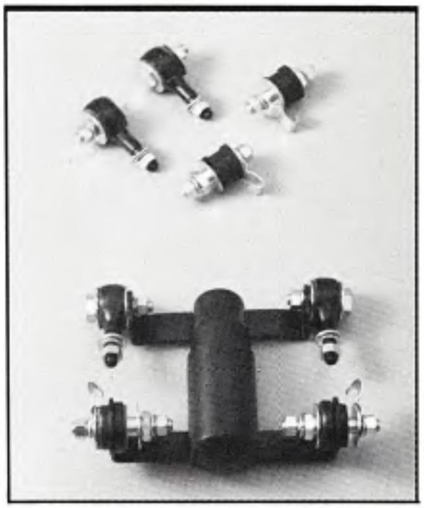
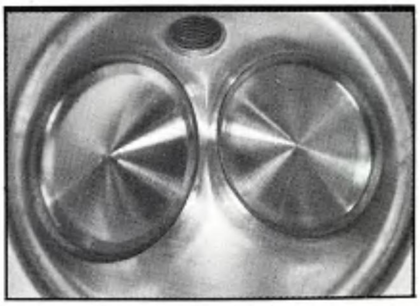
What a combination — not to mention one that'll bring ya to a screamin' halt! Arlen Ness has acquired a dual-action racing brake from Lockheed™ with a caliper featuring 1.625" steel pistons and a lightweight aluminum-alloy body. Each caliper comes with chrome hanger for your specific bike. For full-line Ness catalog, send $4 to Arlen Ness Ent., Dept. ER, 15997 E. 14th St., San Leandro, CA 94578.



FRONT-FORK SHOCK ABSORBER

Meeting the growing demand for springer replacement parts is Drag Specialties' new shock absorber for '46-and-earlier H-Ds with spring forks. Replaces OEM 54200-45 for less than $55. A replacement mounting kit with all replaceable studs and rubber bushing is available for $29.95. See your nearest Drag Spec dealer and tell him you heard the word from *Easyriders*.



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Problem: EPA's gutless fuel. Latest hope: in-house, no-lead conversion by Flo Dynamics. Featuring durable stainless-steel valves, porous cast-iron guides, and "tool steel" valve seat, FD offers complete conversion within two weeks for $450. After glass-beading, your heads will be machined to fit oversize valve seat, equipped with oversize guides, ported, and polished. Get nitty-gritty from Flo Dynamics, Dept. ER, 1150 Pike Ln., Oceano, CA 93445. 805-481-6300.

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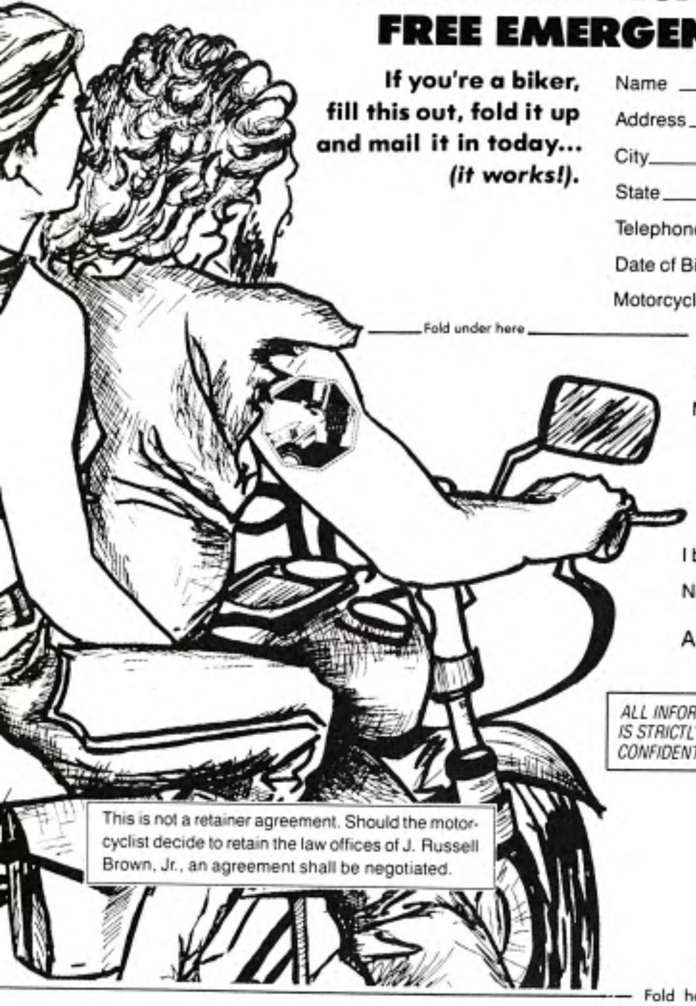

If you're a biker, fill this out, fold it up and mail it in today... *(it works!).*

Name ______ Date ______
Address ______
City ______ County ______
State ______ Zip ______
Telephone Bus. ( ) ______ Home ( ) ______
Date of Birth ______
Motorcycle Owned ☐ Yes ☐ No

Fold under here

Make ______ Model ______ Year ______
Blood Type ______ Allergies ______
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Emergency Contact Person ______
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I belong to the following motorcycle organizations:
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- ☐ Distribute Literature
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Are you: Dealer/Shop?
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This is not a retainer agreement. Should the motorcyclist decide to retain the law offices of J. Russell Brown, Jr., an agreement shall be negotiated.

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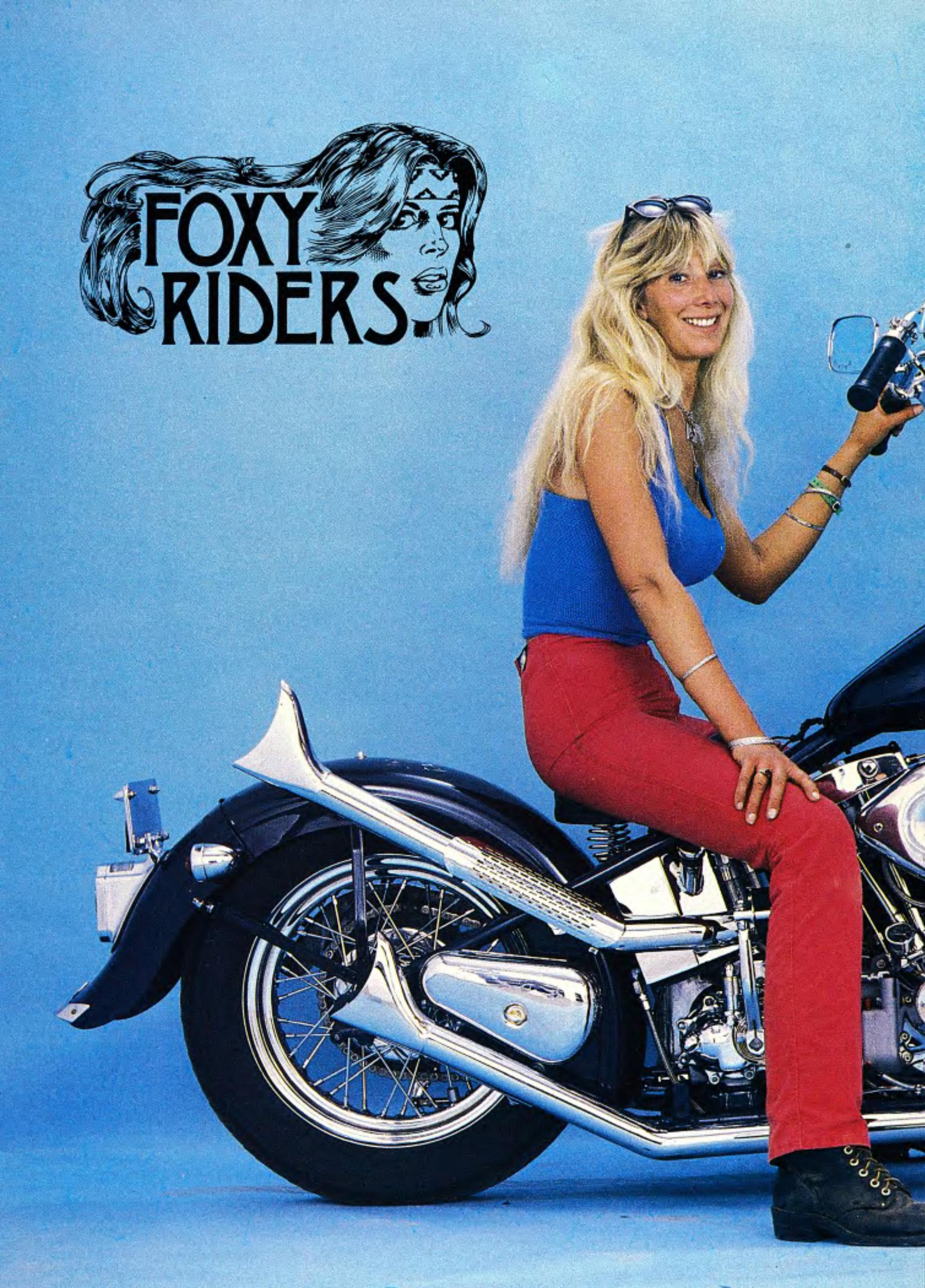


Jan "Toots" Manning, Fresno, California
1973 H-D shovelhead

Just a little over two years ago, Fate happened to direct Jan Manning past a certain corner where a scoot with a For Sale sign was parked. She fell in love on the spot and bought it right then and there. That sorta impulse is something we can all relate to, but dig this — the lady had just plunked down hard-earned cash for something she didn't know how to ride!

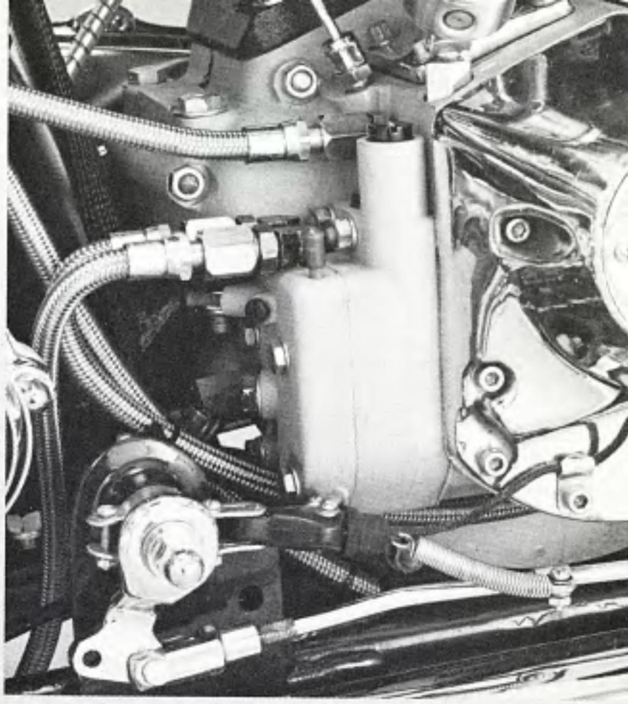
No big deal, though. She got it home and immediately set about teaching herself, on her own, with no one coaching from the sidelines. And she did real well, once she'd gotten past a slight encounter with a tree. "No, I wasn't hurt," she recalled. "It was that extended front end and the short bars the bike had at the time. I just wasn't that familiar with the 'feel' of the thing."

Since then, of course, the meat-cutter and wrapper for Vons has rebuilt the bike completely, except for the frame and aforementioned front end, getting involved in just about every phase of the job, trying, as she puts it, "to learn as much as possible." Right on. Care to guess what she'd change if she was gonna do it all over again tomorrow? Yep, you got it. "I'd put a stock front end on it," Jan says, "because the current one, at 10 inches over, is just too long." When it came time to paint the tank, Jan took a portfolio of artwork by her late husband, Maddog, to her friend George Gillette. George, who just started his own shop this year, copied the chosen work exactly.

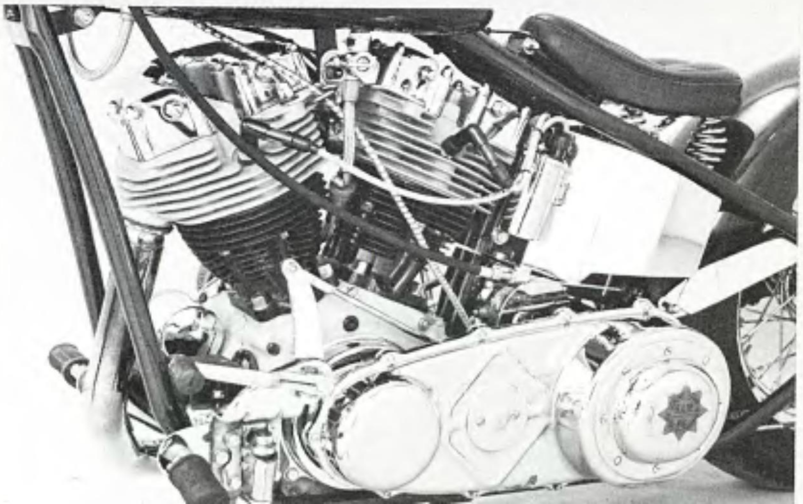
With 2100 miles under the tires since the rebuild, Jan's still head-over-heels in love with her ride, relies on it as her main transportation everyday, and wishes she had a couple of other Harleys in her garage. "I sure wouldn't mind," she says. "I'm just like everybody else in that regard." —Lacota

Owner: Jan "Toots" Manning	**City:** Fresno, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Ziggy	Year: 1973	
Year and make: 1973 H-D	Builder: Ziggy	
Model: shovelhead	Type: rigid	
Value: $8000	Rake: 3 degrees	
Assembly by: Ziggy	Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: one month	Other alterations: secret	
Chroming by: Dave Turner	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: 16-in. apes	
Year: 1973	Risers: 3 in.	
Model: shovelhead	Fender(s): hinged	
Rebuilder: Ziggy	Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points/condenser	Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.	Speedo: early model	
Lower end: Monty's	Front pegs: Bates	
Balancing: yes	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: CCI.	Electrics: custom	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: 3½-gal.	
Heads: stock	Oil tank: wraparound	
Cam(s): Andrews A grind	Oil system: custom filter	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: aftermarket	
Carb(s): Bendix	Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Santee upsweeps	Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): yes	Material: steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: overhauled	Type: springer	
Year: 1973	Extension: 10 in.	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 23	Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: George Gillette	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: George Gillette	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: Corvette Blue/candy	Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop
Type: enamel	Brake: H-D 45	Brake: mechanical
Special paint: Murals in memory of Maddog, 1956-1981.		

Other special modifications: Original artwork for tank murals done by Maddog Manning.



Photos by Pete Chiodo, and EKB



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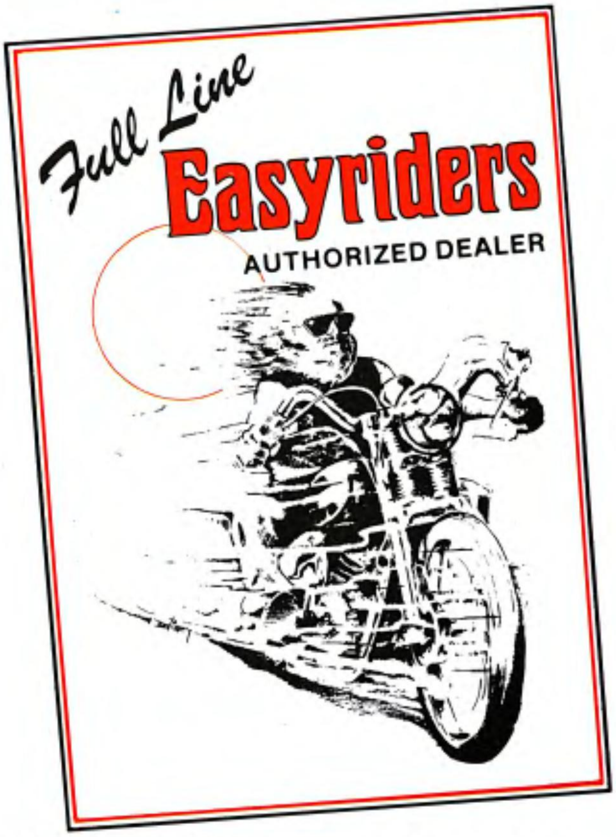

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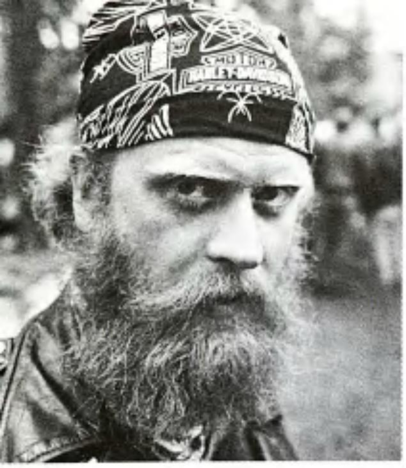

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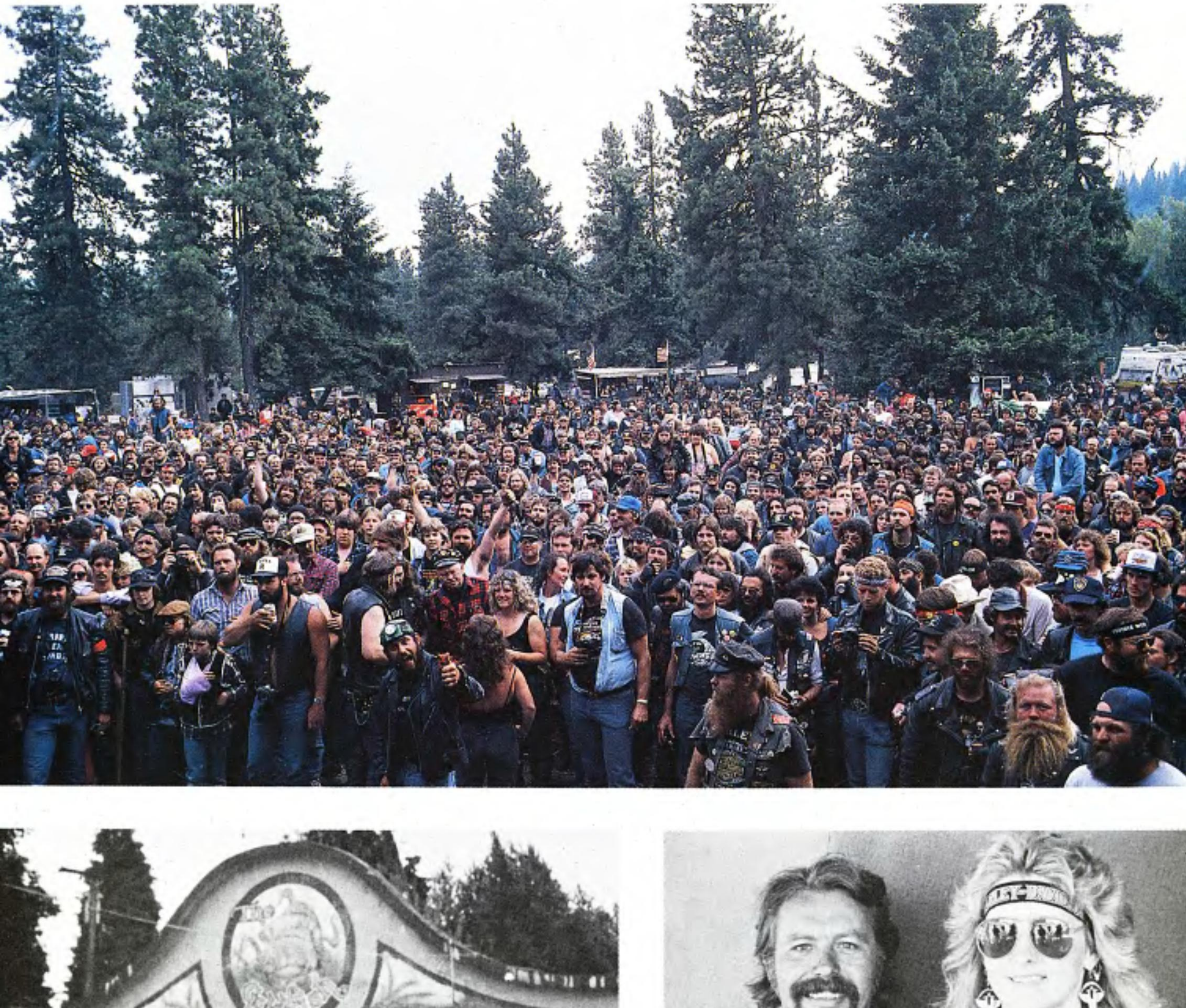

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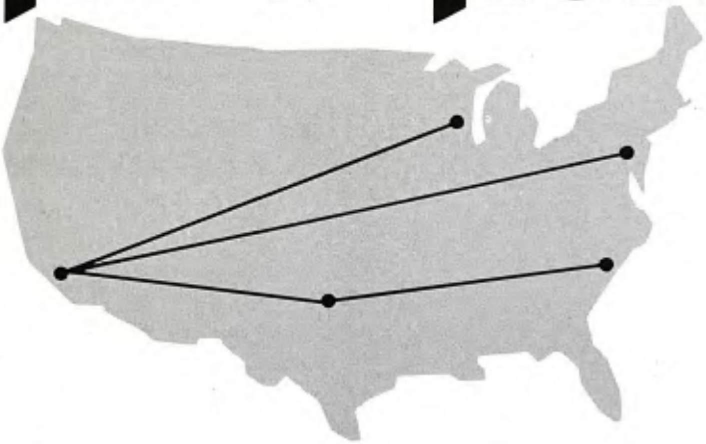

Photo by Kim Peterson

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Four thousand miles in two weeks, with a wedding at the end — not bad for a spur-of-the-moment jaunt.

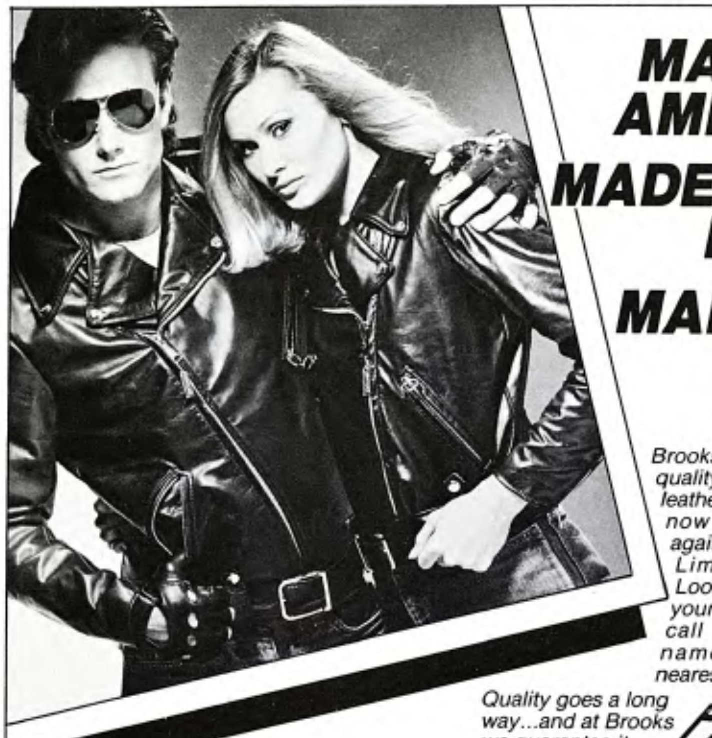
It was to be a good ride, 3748 miles door-to-door in two weeks, but it didn't start out that way. Heading north, the Softail's primary gasket blew out and I rediscovered the fact that putting too much oil into the primary makes for beaucoup pressure. My fuck-up, not the Softail's.

Fortunately, a local biker pointed me toward American Motorcycle Repair in Bishop, California. Owner Mike David was out picking up parts, but his wife (or ol' lady — I try not to pry) fixed me up with a new primary gasket and let me borrow some tools to do the deed. Thanks, folks.

The ride from the Golden State through the Nevada desert was good, but the scenery up north topped it. It would've *really* been copasetic if I hadn't had to wear a plastic brain bucket, but it was necessary to avoid paying undue revenue to get through Nevada.

By the way, did you ever roll out your sleeping bag in a rest area for the night only to be woken up a few hours later by some automatic sprinklers, those babies that pop right outta the ground without any warning and soak the shit outta you? Hey, if you're like me and sleep with all your clothes off, you simply jump up and take a quick shower. What the fuck, the other campers dug it. Just in case some snitch had dropped a dime, I didn't hang around waiting for the cops. They're probably still talking about me back in Winnemuca.

Next stop was Boise, Idaho, where me and my sidekick



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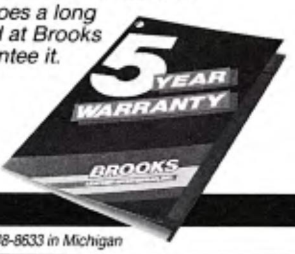

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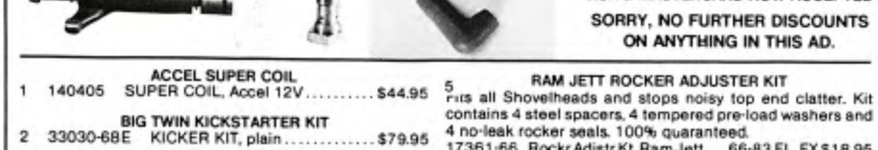

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Good, clean bluegrass

Squawman stopped before taking in the National Oldtime Fiddlers Contest in nearby Weiser. They've been doing their bluegrass thing there for 23 years now and I've been seriously trying to make it for the past two to three. Finally did, hooray!

While in Boise, I met a few patchholders from the Brotherhood of Speed, a good group of men who know how to enjoy life and whose bikes reflect a lot of individuality. After crashing at their clubhouse, I set off on the short, fast ride to Weiser. Squawman, meanwhile, rode on to Idaho Falls to pick up his ol' lady and bring her to the party. Problem was, he had a bent pushrod, the tip of which was worn away by the time he got home. That'll teach him to let me lead the way.

Squawman really got bent

Willie G.'s favorite logo

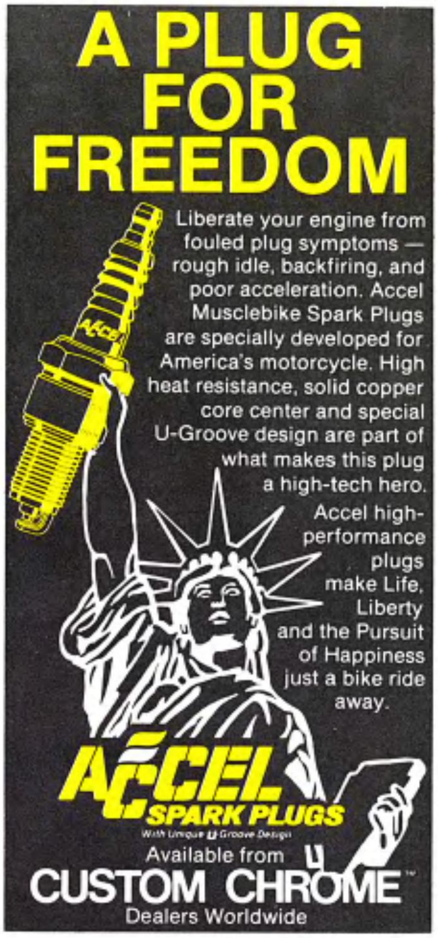
Weiser is a small, southwest Idaho agricultural community that'll be celebrating its 100th birthday next year. Most of us riders camped out about half a mile from town on Mortimer's Island, which also has a water-reclamation plant and is near the dog pound. The sewage plant didn't smell too bad, but it did lure a few insects that had to be dealt with.

The dog pound was another matter. Apparently some scamp didn't like seeing all the fleabags locked up, so he broke in and liberated them. There were dogs running all over the camp. For the record, the dog escape happened earlier in the week, before the bikers started arriving, but you know who'll get blamed.

Most of the bros and sisters partied down at the Talley-Ho Tavern and the Crescent Bar, and more than a few hit the reservoir for a bit of skinny-dipping. The city fathers have lightened up on bikers this year and one of the local merchants sponsored a bike show in the parking lot of his store. The whole thing was sorta like a mini-Daytona with a western flavor. I dug it.

I had a bonaroo time and plan to do it again one of these years. Bluegrass music comes from our country and should be supported. The good, clean tunes are sung and played by real Americans from all walks of life, and I was proud to be in their company. For the record, I'd like to thank all the brothers and sisters who made my job more fun than work. All you patches and loners know who

The Talley-Ho gets the bike trade



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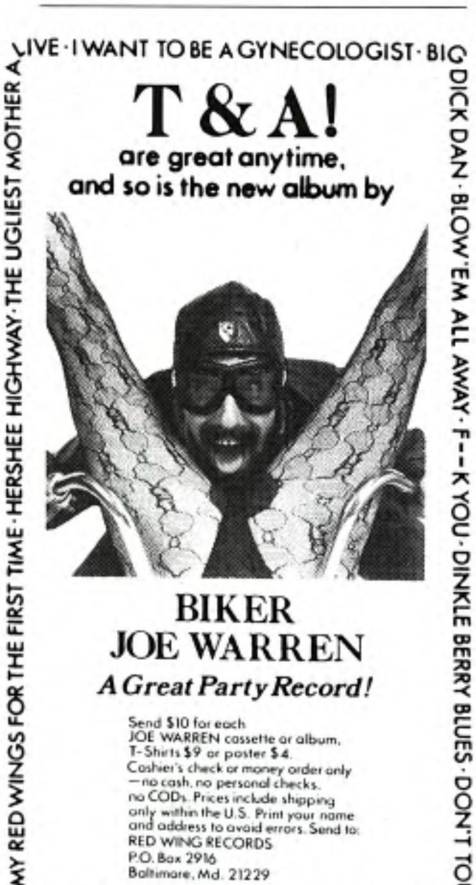


Photos by Rip

you are. Special thanks to Chris of the Free Souls who gave me my first Weiser pin. His stuff is all handmade and the man is quite an artist.

From Weiser, I pointed the tire north by northwest to check out the ABATE of Washington Spring Opener in Bullfrog Flats. The weather was perfect. Clear as a bell. You could see for miles and miles, something a kid from L.A. ain't used to. About the only time I ever breathed such clean air was once in a hospital.

I got there right at mealtime to find steak and corn on the cob, cooked just right. Made me feel right at home. Since I was early for the actual run, I said a quick "later" to the ABATE people setting it up and headed for Tacoma. On the way I hit The Palace (*the* place to be) in Hillyard. While in Tacoma, I visited the Goldfish Bar, and Dave Anderson, president of Tacoma Harley-Davidson.

Dave let me scope out his store and I was blown away by the entrance to his service department — two big, swinging doors with the Harley-Davidson bar-and-shield carved in them. Willie G. once told me that the bar-and-shield was his favorite logo; lookin' at Dave's doors, you can see what Willie G. means.

From Tacoma-Seattle it's just a short putt over 3000-foot Snoqualmie Pass to the run site. The pass, incidentally, is a favorite spot for winter games like skiing and other things this SoCal bro knows absolutely nothing about.

The party was wild but really mellow — except for some clowns trying to check out security by letting off one hell of a firecracker. Saturday morning featured a little light rain, not much, just enough to mat down the dirt on the scooters.

Three different bands came out to entertain the troops, one on each night of the party. My favorite was Junior Cadillac. Whose high-powered rendering of '50s and '60s favorites closed out the run. The tit contest was deluxe, yielding the winner $150, the runner-up $100, and the third-place beauty, $75. All the cash, by the way, was contributed by the lookeloos. In addition, there was also a wet shorts contest to give the women somethin' to shout about, but the winners of that event didn't get a dime. Ask me if I cared. . . .

Vendors located around the campground were hawking everything from chicken to shish-ka-bob — a nice change from the usual hot dog-hamburger-or-starve situation. Another nice touch is that kickbacks from the vendors went into the ABATE

state treasury. I don't know how much beer was sold, but the trees around the campsite sure didn't have to wait for winter to get watered. Maybe that's what makes them grow so fucking tall and wide up there.

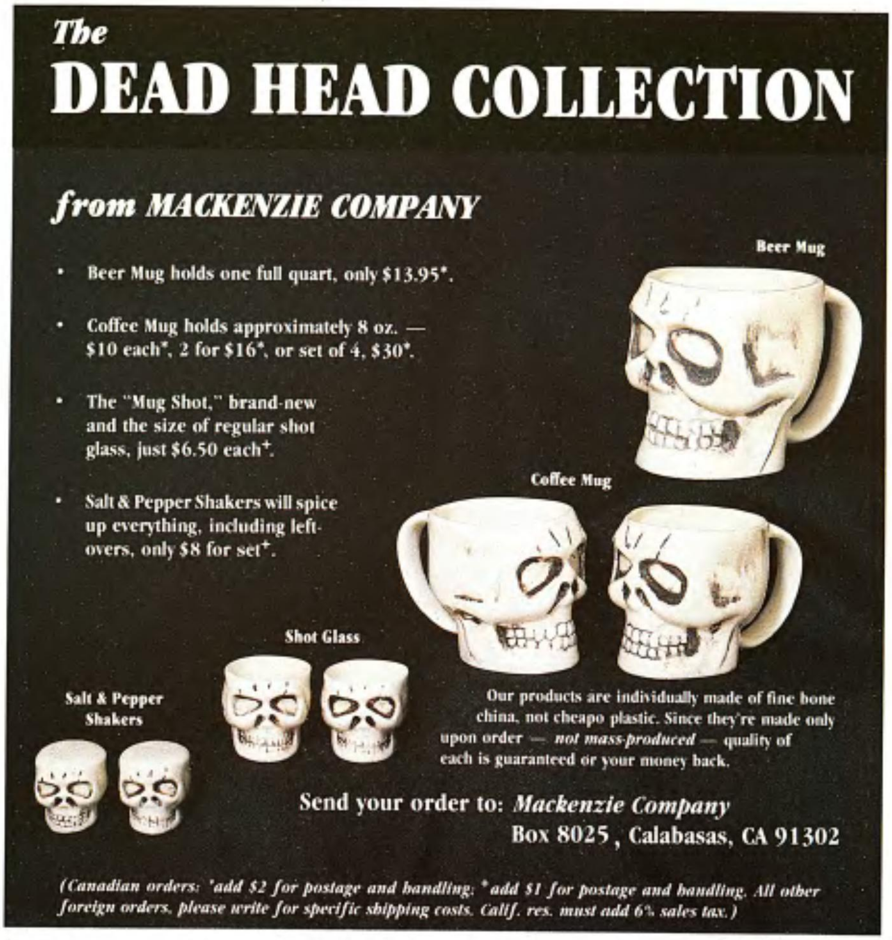
If you make this run, be sure to do the in-town bar trip. The Brick, in Rozlyn, is the oldest bar in the state, in business since 1889. (Wonder what they were pouring during Prohibition.) The Old Number 3, down the road a few miles in Ronald, also goes back a ways, and both places serve decent grub. There are also many fine small restaurants within a few miles of the campsite.

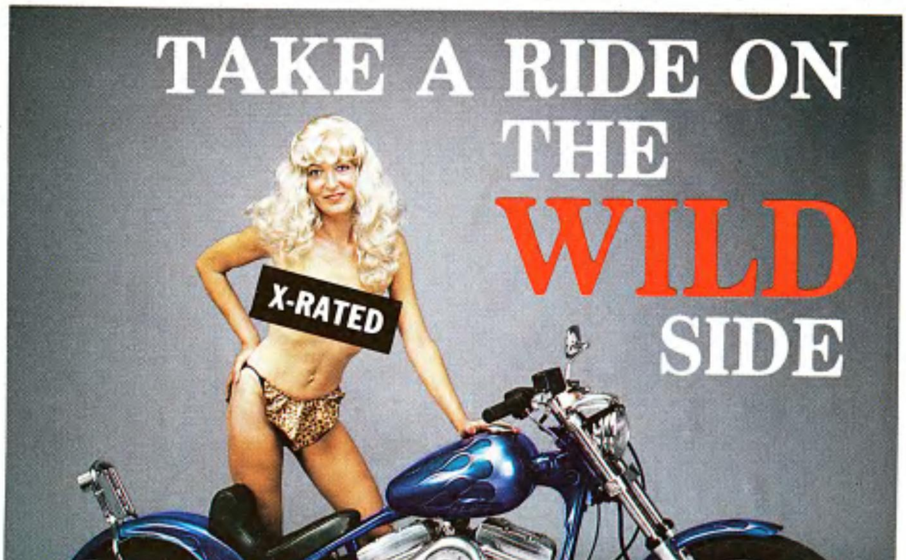
As much as I enjoyed sitting around the campfire sharing beer and bullshit, the biggest kick for me happened during the band's last set Saturday night. All of a sudden, about 50 people got up on the stage and started dancing in their birthday suits, shaking their butts, tits, and cranks at a crowd of onlookers. I cracked up, fell on the ground and laughed my ass off. What a fuckin' blast. We bike riders really do have more fun than anybody.

After the ABATE party, it was a long, straight shot home with me pushing to make it in time for the Fourth of July and my niece's big family wedding. One thing about getting married on a holiday, you've gotta be pretty lame to forget your anniversary.

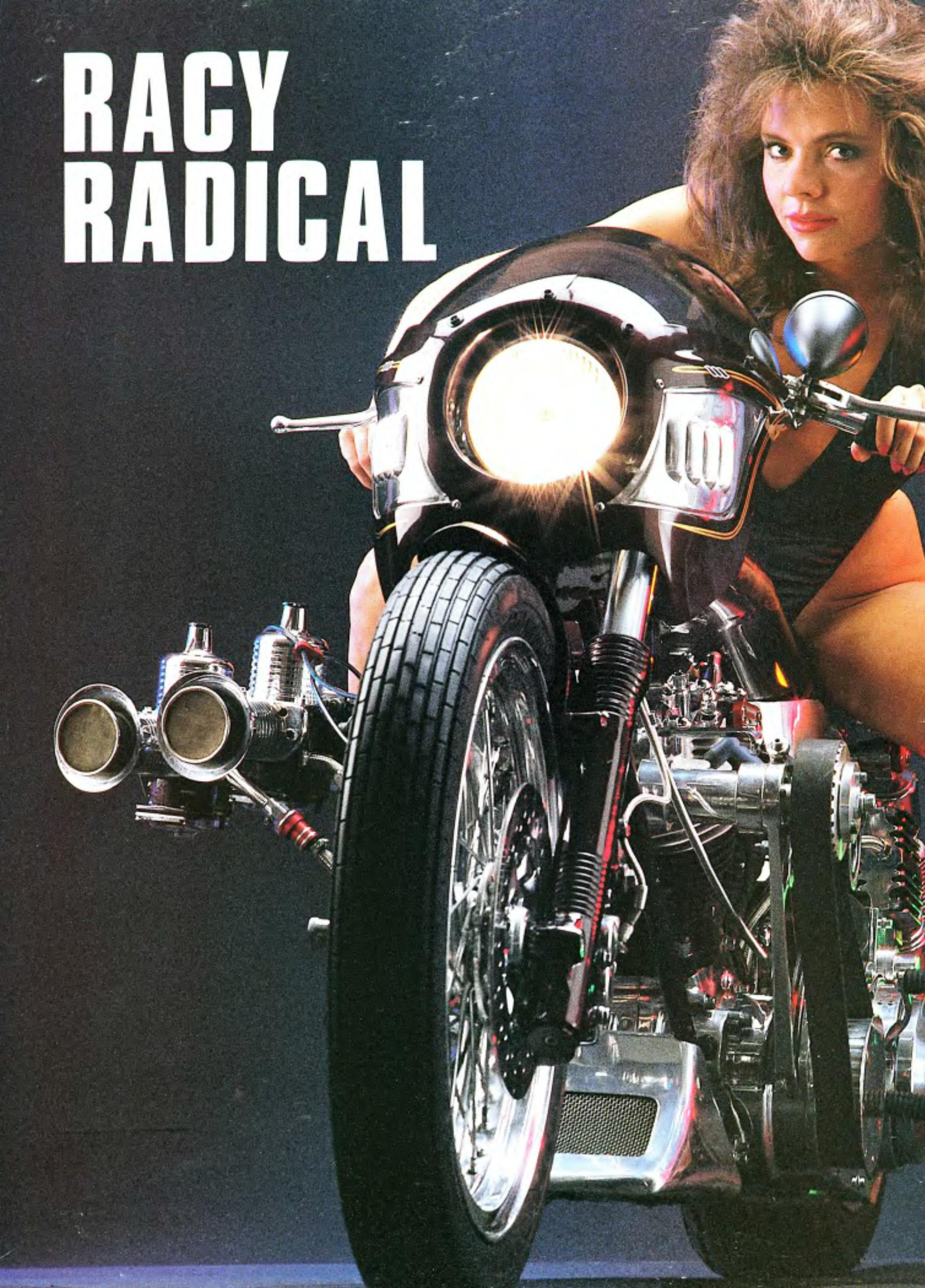
That's it for now, but don't forget what Highpockets says, "Hog the road!"

Help! We're trying to find all the bars, beaneries, and barnyards where bikers are really welcome. If you know of one, drop us a note and we'll have Rip check it out. Send your suggestions to "Rip's Run." Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.





RACY RADICAL

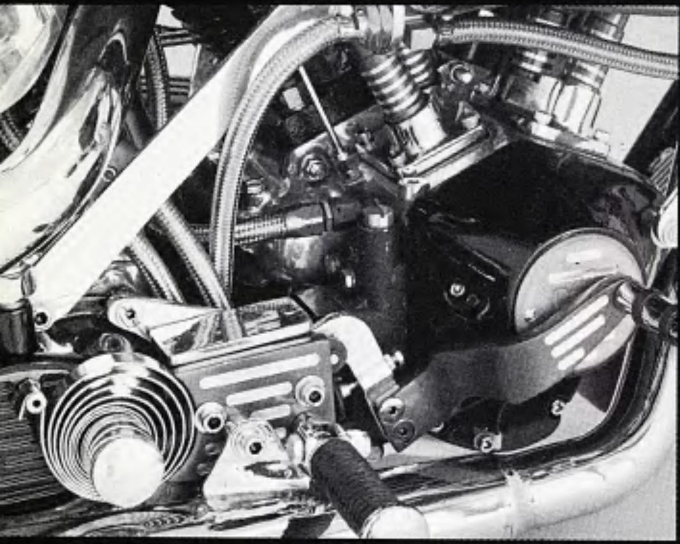


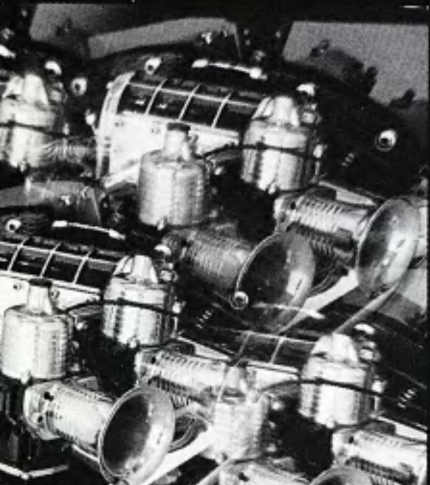
They used to think the political muttonheads at the University of California Berkeley and the hippies in San Francisco were the real Bay Area radicals. Then Arlen Ness started building his bikes up there and they learned what radical *really* is. . . .

There were some snickers, a few envious, sour grape comments like, "I'll bet he trailered it down." And, "If he rode it in, he probably pulled it off the run-truck a couple of exits back."

Then there were the droolers. Those who instantly recognized the high-tech craftsmanship Arlen brings to every scoot he builds. Especially the ones for himself.

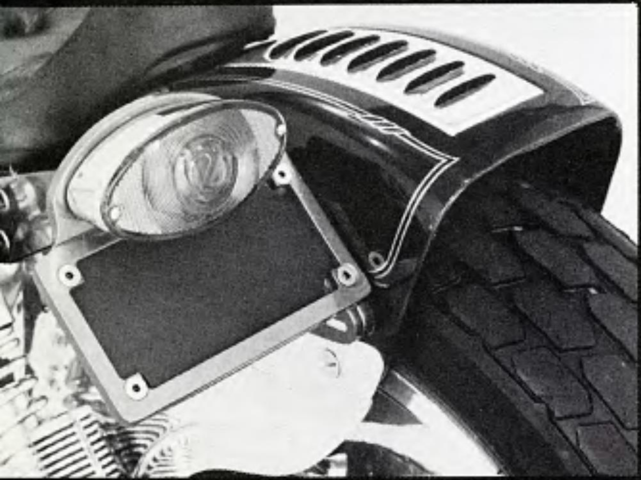
Oh, yeah, before ya decide to take sides and lose your bet, he did ride down to Pete's photo studio from the Bay Area. He also rode back. The truth is that Arlen rides his bikes anywhere and everywhere. Maybe some of them look so rad that it's hard to imagine 'em operating on any roads except those on some other, more exotic planet, but that's all an optical illusion. Each Ness creation is built to take the road as well as the show prizes.

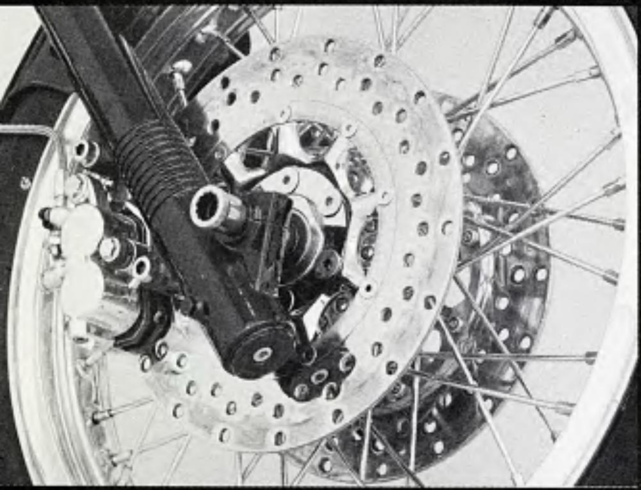




Granted, this baby looks like it could give NASA a run for its money. It sure doesn't fall under the heading of "traditional Harley," but then again, isn't innovation the true Harley policy? Isn't that what led to the VLs from the JDs, and onward to the knuckles, pans, shovels, and blockheads? So we think Arlen is just about on time with this metallurgic manifestation.

As always, Ness works are

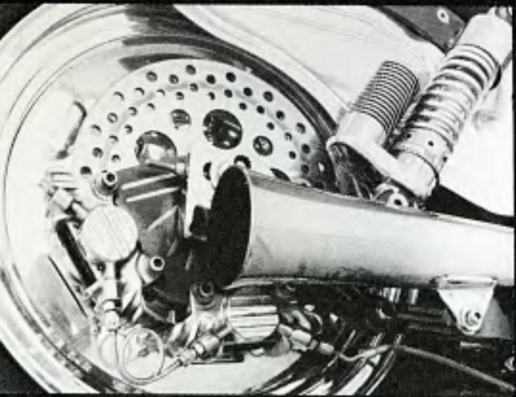




Owner: Arlen Ness	**City:** San Leandro, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1980 H-D	Builder: owner/Jim Davis	
Model: FX	Type: chromemoly	
Value: $20,000	Rake: 33 degrees	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 6 in.	
Time: 6 months	Other alterations: gas tank in top bar	
Chroming by: High Luster, Hayward	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: owner	
Year: 1980	Risers: in bars	
Model: FX	Fender(s): handmade	
Rebuilder: Carl's Speed Shop	Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: Accel	Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.	Speedo: H-D tachometer	
Lower end: H-D	Front pegs: CCI	
Balancing: Carl's Speed Shop	Rear pegs: CCI	
Pistons: CCI	Electrics: Accel/Magnum wires	
Cases: H-D	Gas tank: top bar in frame	
Heads: ported/polished/Carl's	Oil tank: Bob Munroe	
Cam(s): Andrews	Oil system: filter/cooler	
Lifters: Sifton	Primary cover: handmade	
Carb(s): 2 Rivera SU s	Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: handmade	Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): handmade	Material: aluminum	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: CCI gears	Type: glide	
Year: 1980	Extension: 5 in. under	
Shifting: 4-speed	Builder: Honda/Doherty/owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive	Special features: special machined	
Trans sprocket: 23	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 19 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: Honda	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 8 in.
Color: Black Cherry	Tire: 3.25x19	Tire: 4.00x19
Type: House of Color	Brake: Honda	Brake: Lockheed™
Special paint: Gold leaf and striping by Jeff McCann of Stockton		

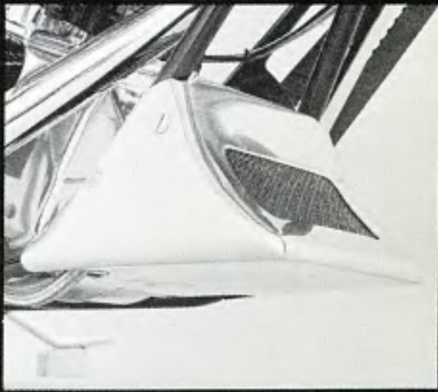
Other special modifications: handmade 19-in. rear rim, special louvered hub cap, Russell brake, oil lines and filters, special two-line Pingle petcock, Magnuson super-charger, fairing by owner. Special thanks: Jim Davis, framework; Bob Munroe, aluminum work; oil tank, battery box and special machine work by Daryl Hays of Castro Valley.

Photos by Pete Chiodo and Michael Lichter



the result of a team effort revolving around the twisted ideas of the East Bay bike builder. Jim Davis' expert frame work, metalloid maneuverings by Bob Munroe and Daryl Hays, and plenty of pesos have once more made for a hell of a moving time machine.

—Mud



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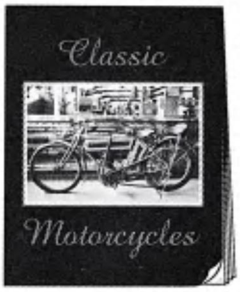

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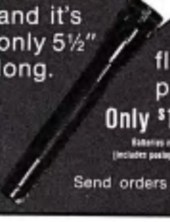

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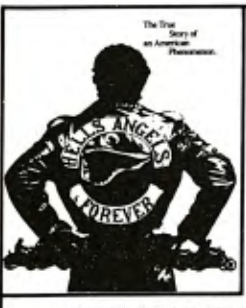

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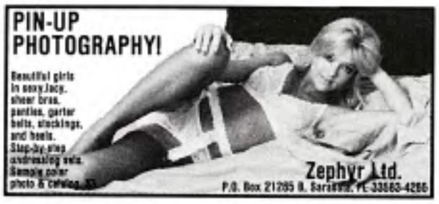

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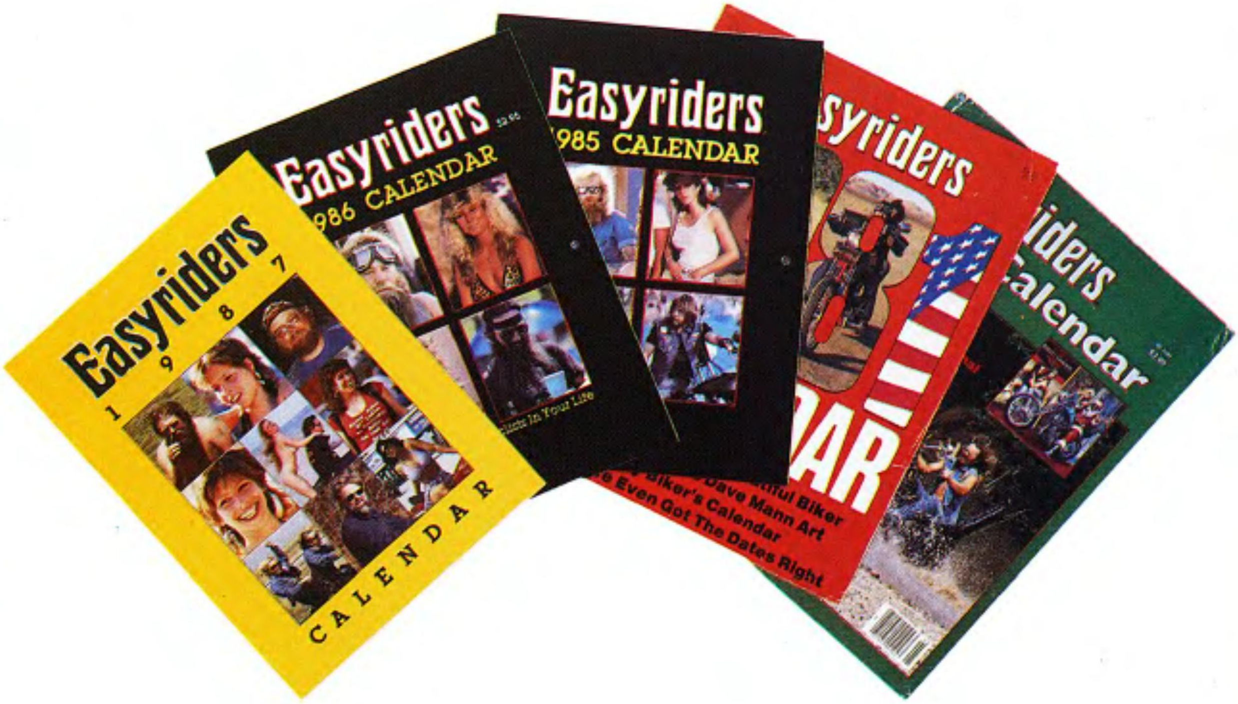

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Women's Boots 17" Black Boot (shown above) $115 Circle Size

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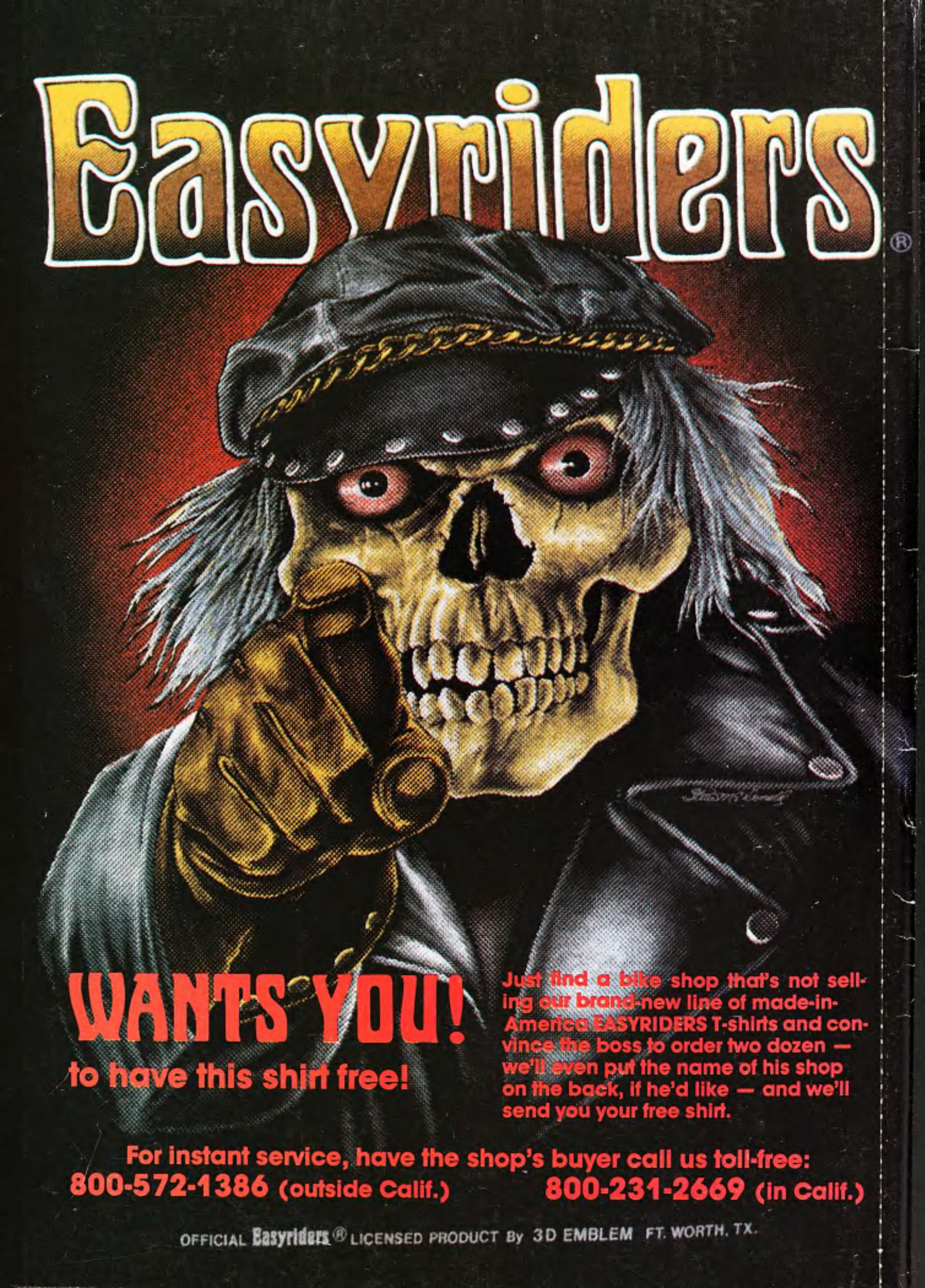
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